

















CAPT. PAYNE'S HOME IN OKLAHOMA

## CAPTAIN D. L. PAYNE.

These are his meeds : Homes fill the plains  
Where he, a martyr, walked in chains,

\* \* \* \* \*

And every place where once he stood  
Proclaims the glories of his good !





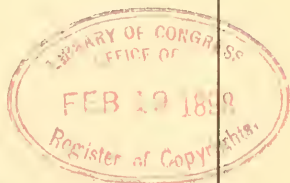
# Songs from the South= west Country    ❁    ❁    ❁

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TO  
HIS EXCELLENCY  
HON. CASSIUS M. BARNES  
GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA TERRITORY  
WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE DEVELOPMENT  
OF THE SOUTHWEST COUNTRY AND TO WHOSE HEART THAT  
FAVORED LAND IS AS DEAR AS AN ONLY CHILD  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY  
INSCRIBED



I never doubt the songs we sing  
Through all the ages grow in grace,  
Till in their angel anthems ring  
The loves and longings of the race ;  
They treasure up for deafened ears  
The murmurs of the cycled years,  
Till at the last in music roll  
Their thunders through the mystic soul !

The most of the poems in this volume are printed here for the first time ; several, however, have appeared in the *Century Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Peterson's Magazine*, the *Bachelor of Arts*, the *Overland Monthly*, and other copyrighted publications ; and to their editors thanks are hereby given for permission to reprint.

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## THE SOUTHWEST COUNTRY.

**S**TUPENDOUS reach of vale and mountain-side,  
Of wooded continents and seas of plain,  
Of grassy oceans glad with isles of grain,  
Where trains of traffic, ships of commerce, ride ;  
Far distances that rouse prodigious pride  
And clamor hope to hosts that strive in vain,—  
Productive empires boundless, whose rich gain  
Shall crown with plenteousness the nations wide !

Thou hast achieved already ! Thy frontiers  
Are mighty with the holy labors wrought  
By nameless heroes of exalted quest ;  
And in thy bosom sleep the pioneers  
Who thrilled thy silences with sudden thought  
And woke the vastness of the great southwest !



## Songs from the Southwest Country.

---

### THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA.

APRIL 22, 1889.

*At Morning,—The Desert Land.*

**I**N silence, lone and tenantless but fair,  
The desert stands, as on the morn it stood  
When God first breathed upon the brooding earth,  
And all the throbbing life of wood and field,  
Of rounded hills and valleys wide, appeared  
In shades and shapes of beauty ; when fond hands  
With sweet adornment glorified the world,  
Sowed blossoms o'er the gaping mountain-sides,  
And wreathed the vales with gladness, while the  
streams  
Flowed with bright waters that in music sang  
Over the gentle ripples. Perfect world !  
New from its Maker's hands, it mutely stood,  
Expectant, ready, for its master, Man ;  
So stands the desert now, unvexed, unmarred,  
By man's relentless labor, sweet and fair

As when God looked upon the new-born earth,  
Beheld its perfect comeliness, and said,  
“Lo, all is good !”

The grasses waving bend  
Before the dewy breezes ; willows nod  
Beside the scanty streams, and scattered woods  
Breathe sighs of longing welcome ; the wild birds,  
Croaking wild cries instinct with fear's alarm,  
Shriek out exultant curses ; the fierce beasts,  
Bloody from battle with their fellows, go  
With haste unwonted to their savage lairs ;  
But Nature rules, an empress on whose realm  
No foreign footstep falls in rebeldom.  
No lazy smoke from chimneys made with hands  
Floats in the air ; no human voices vex  
The hills and valleys ; no rude labors mar  
The swarded prairies' velvet lawns of peace ;  
No laughter light, no anguished chorus, floats  
From aught save Nature and her savage slaves,  
While through the moanings of their restless dreams  
There comes no warning of impending change,  
Of empire's mighty march ; and man with feet  
Shod with the steel of progress fleet and swift,  
Beneath whose tread the wilderness shall change,  
And at the echoes of whose coming, toil  
Shall wake the ages from their solemn sleep,  
Order to chaos yield her kingdoms large,  
That order may a grander kingdom gain—  
And man shall plant his banners flaunting far  
With civilization and her thousand arts  
That lead and lift the nations to the sky.

*At Noon,—The Race for Homes.*

Behold ! As from the shades of night  
 An army gathers full of might,  
 And strong with constant courage stands  
 'Tween civilized and savage lands,  
 Where, vast in power, the legion waits  
 The turning of the desert gates,  
 That men of might may enter in  
 And labor all her glories win !  
 Lo, where these thousands make assail,  
 The barren ages all shall fail,  
 And swift advancement far be hurled  
 O'er sleeping empires and the world !

The morning hours haste hurried by ;  
 The noon,—the noon is drawing nigh !  
 The anxious host with restless eyes  
 Marks well each rapid hour that flies,  
 While hope, exulting, wildly rolls  
 The highest, such as filled the souls  
 Of Jason and his comrades bold  
 Who sought the famous fleece of gold,  
 And bound in one adventurous band  
 Brought treasures from a foreign land.  
 Impatient steeds with fretting feet  
 Upon the trampled grasses beat ;  
 The dins of harsh, discordant cries  
 Above the thrilling thousands rise ;  
 Shrilly the scattered children call,  
 And soft the words of women fall,

While men with voices hushed and weak  
Their low commands impatient speak ;  
Till suddenly a mighty cry,  
A shout of warning, smites the sky :

“ Attention ! Ho,  
Attention here !  
Attention ! Lo,  
The noon is near ! ”

O'er hill and brake  
Resounds the warning cry ;  
The moment great is nigh ;  
The hosts awake ;  
Awake, to strive with mad delight,  
Awake, to win the friendly fight !  
And from the camps anear and far,  
Where nervous haste and hurry are,  
Vast legions gather on the plain,  
Till chaos and confusion reign ;  
The neighing steed with quickened pace  
Impatient seeks the vantage-place ;  
The slower ox with lightened load  
Stands waiting in the crowded road,  
And wagon, buggy, carriage, cart,  
Vehicles formed with rudest art,  
All forward, forward, forward dart,  
Swift-forming on the level ground  
Where most advantage may be found.

“ Line up ! Ho, there !  
Line up ! Line up ! ”



The hurried order smites the air ;  
Above the silent prairies fair  
    Unseen progression holds her cup,  
Filled to the brim with magic seeds  
That harvests hold for human needs.  
Excitement grows on beasts and men ;  
    The saddle-girths are tightened o'er,  
    The stirrups lengthened out once more,  
And silence softly falls again ;  
Each bit and buckle, strap and band,  
Is tested o'er with careful hand,  
Till man and beast, in chosen place,  
Stand ready for the coming race.

    The circling sun  
His morning race has fully run ;  
        A waving hand  
Signals above the brief command  
That sight and sense will understand,—  
And open swings the desert land !  
A shot ! A hundred, thousand more  
The grassy meadows echo o'er ;  
A shout ! From countless throats a shout  
On rolling wings leaps madly out !  
A yell, a raging roar, that flies  
    On bounding winds o'er hill and glen,  
And 'round the land electrifies  
    A thousand living miles of men !

    A mammoth stir,  
    A sudden dash,

Swift whip and spur  
Together clash,  
And wheels on wheels that totter, crash !  
They 're off ! They 're off !  
Away ! Away !  
In mad array !  
No stop nor stay !  
The hurried charge they ride to-day  
Would shame and scoff  
The Tartar, Turk, and Romanoff !  
The race is on ;  
The host is gone ;  
All forward thrust  
Through clouds of dust ;  
The thronging legions madly ride  
O'er hill and dale,  
With hurried pace unsatisfied,  
In fierce assail  
Where none may fail ;  
And one by one, exhausted sheer,  
The racing thousands disappear ;  
Till only shadows dimly blent  
Tell where the mounted armies went,  
Like shifting shadows, faint and dim,  
Or ghostly spectres, gaunt and grim,  
Beyond the far horizon's rim !

Behold ! Adown the valleys bright  
The last lone straggler fades from sight,  
And only hasty hoof-beats say,  
In echoes from the far-off hills,

What thousands rode the race to-day  
With hopeful hearts and fearless wills ;  
What hosts with hands that build and bless  
Found homes amid the wilderness !

*At Night,—The Desert Conquered.*

Ten thousand tents above the wilderness,  
Conquered so quickly from the lonely realms  
And brought beneath man's sceptre of control,  
To tremble at his feet and slowly change  
Before the forming touches of his hand,  
Mark cities newly born, that swift shall grow  
The wonders of an age all wonderful.  
Ten thousand camp-fires in the valleys broad,  
Bright torches of the newer life, whose fires  
Advancement's magic hands have widely built,  
Show where new homes are founded, and the strife  
Which man and nature shall forever wage  
Hath here beginning ; transformation throws  
Her kindly sceptre o'er the lonely lands.  
The virgin grasses thrill beneath the tread  
Of hurried feet ; the wild birds hiding flee,  
And savage beasts to savage haunts retire.  
Secluded springs, untouched by human lips,  
Unvexed by human shadows, since the morn  
When first they flowed from earth's abundant breast,  
Mirror unwonted faces, fondly press  
Soft touches to the unfamiliar lips.  
In night's dear arms of rest the wearied hosts  
Fall on the conquered fields like warriors old

And dream of homes wrought from the wilderness ;  
Of porches wide with clustered blossoms wreathed,  
Of lasting shades and tender breezes cool,  
Love's gentle looks, and songs of happy birds,  
Plenty and progress in a land of might  
Rich in the boundless wealth that blesses man  
And leads his longings forward to the tall  
Results of time and toil's unfailing growth.  
Empires arise of pride and promise full,  
With conquest high, like prince and peasant won  
On fields historic where the clash of arms,  
The battle's thunder, and the striving host,  
Shook earth's foundations through the lowest depths  
And filled the farthest ages with their might.  
Dreams fill with wondrous fancies far-off days,  
The hills and valleys that with sudden homes  
Man's tireless hands have clothed ; but prophecy  
Inspires the tender dreams, and time shall fill  
Out to the utmost all that fancy forms,  
All that she brings from shadows and beholds,  
Brighter and greater than the dreams she dreamed.  
The world shall search the years' vast volumes o'er  
With eagerness and, wearied, rest in vain,  
To find another scene for precedent.

## THE BALLAD OF THE ALAMO.

*O, IT 'S East and West and North and South,  
—it 's the Old World and the New ;—  
It 's every place that the human race has warred and  
wandered through ;  
But not the years that the ancients lived, nor the years  
that the moderns know,  
Such deeds have wrought as the men who fought at  
the Church of the Alamo !*

“ What see you, frightened sentinel, that thus you  
bend your eyes ?

Do herds of cattle or packs of wolves o'erwhelm  
you with surprise ? ”

“ 'T is neither wolves nor cattle that march and  
march again ;

“ 'T is Santa Anna's army,—'t is twice three thou-  
sand men ! ”

“ Nay, nay, my faithful guardsman !—God's curses  
on the foe !—

You must be mad or drunken,—your eyes deceive  
you so !

For Santa Anna 's far away with all his blare and  
boast,  
Afraid to battle freedom's few with his unnum-  
bered host ! ”

“ ’T is he,—the Greaser ! he, I know ! There—  
yonder—in the west !  
Mine eyes do not deceive me,—no ! His lances are  
at rest ;  
The long lines sweep and forward creep, beneath  
the gleaming sun !  
O God of Freedom, help us now ! They ’re fifty  
to our one ! ”

“ Ho, troopers, to your saddles now ! You—you !  
Ride—ride—your best !  
To where yon guardsman says he sees the  
Greasers in the west ;  
Right bold ye are ! Ride fast and far ! And,  
prove it ill or well,  
Bring back report ! We ’ll make work short with  
these wild imps of hell ! ”

Forth, forth they ride ; up yon hillside, with hoofs  
that spurn the ground,  
The horses gallop, gallop on, with faint and fainter  
sound ;  
And o’er the summit, passing down, the horsemen  
slowly sink,  
With courage whirled into that world which waits  
beyond the brink.

“ A musket-shot ? A pistol-shot ? Ride, ride, ride,  
men, for life !

A hundred lancers after them ! God ! for an equal  
strife !

Fling wide the gates ! There safety waits for all who  
love the Star ;

And Death's red wounds to all that dare with it to  
offer war !

“ And yonder comes the armed host ! Ah, guard,  
your eyes were true !

And yonder comes the horse and foot that shall  
make short of you !

Short shift of you, short shift of us,—they 're fifty  
to our one !

The battle would be over here before the fight  
begun !

“ The Church ! The Church ! Its courts are wide,  
its walls are firm and strong ! ”

O'er Brazos' stream, with herd and team, the heroes  
move along ;

They are not first, they are not last, of those who  
from the foe

Found refuge sure and safe, secure, within the  
Alamo !

Now pause, ye foes ! Your leader well the strength  
and power has known

Of hearts and souls aflame for right and for  
their country's own !

Beyond your arms, despising harms, triumphant  
 over ills,  
 They 'll meet attack and hurl you back, while every  
 bullet kills !

“ A messenger ! A Flag of Truce ! What does the  
 Wolf presume ?  
 Thinks he that we 'll surrender now ? Too well we  
 know that doom !  
 But ride you forth and meet him there, and bring  
 his word to me :  
 A cannon-shot from hell red-hot my sole reply  
 shall be !

“ The Greaser Dog ! ‘ Surrender at discretion ;  
 with a word,  
 If you persist in holding out, your hearts shall have  
 the sword ! ’  
 Ho, gunner, pull the lanyard now ! A throat of  
 flame shall show  
 How such commands from despot lips receive the  
 answer ‘ No ! ’

“ Now look you, comrade soldiers ! On San  
 Fernando's towers  
 A blood-red rag supplants the Flag ! No quarter  
 shall be ours !  
 But his the blood whose coward flood shall run the  
 valleys through !  
 Now ‘ God and Texas ’ be our cry for God and  
 Texas, too ! ”



The foe draws nigh ; and thundering high wild  
    roars the cannonade ;  
And yonder o'er the rolling stream a hasty bridge  
    is made ;  
But the rifles of the Texans are aimed at heart and  
    head,  
And like the leaves in autumn-time the Mexicans  
    are dead !

Loud ring the cries of conflict ! Loud roll and roar  
    the guns,  
And nearer, nearer, creep the lines to Freedom's  
    watching sons ;  
Each single night with deadly might the batteries  
    leap and glow,  
While every road is garrisoned with thousands of  
    the foe.

“Thrice welcome, men from Gonzales ! Thrice wel-  
    come, one and all !  
You 've hurried far and here you are, and here we 'll  
    fight and fall ;  
You 'll find some neat diversion sweet before you  
    leave, my braves,  
But arms all true of thirty-two are worth a thousand  
    slaves ! ”

Now yonder on the eastern road the skirmished  
    horsemen fight ;  
Now yonder by the river-side the jackals flame at  
    night ;

But closer draw the batteries,—the Wolf will have  
his own !

Send, send for help, brave Travis ! You are too  
weak alone !

“ Now saddle up your swiftest horse, and draw the  
cinches tight,—

It is a wild and lonely ride that you must make  
to-night !

Away to Houston at the front, and tell him that we  
call

For men to help and men to hope and men to save  
us all !

“ And should relief not come to us,—we never shall  
retreat !

Our flag shall float,—we will not yield,—to die for  
home is sweet !

Like soldiers who can ne'er forget love to their land  
is due,—

We all shall live with honor still, and die with honor  
too !

“ And hasten, Bonham, hasten, on steeds that gallop  
mad !

Away, away ! No stop nor stay ! Away to Goliad !  
For Fannin with his strong right arm and his three  
hundred men

Shall overthrow the Greaser foe and scourge him  
home again ! ”

Then Travis called his men to him : "The end is near," said he ;

"But yet there 's room to slip the doom, for all who care to flee !

As for myself, here shall I stay, whatever fate may chance :

Let him who wills to share my ills across this line advance ! "

Then down he stooped and drew his sword, and on the trampled sod

He traced a line of straight design : "For Texas and our God,"

In grim prayer rose from lips of those, and up he glanced, to find

Eight score and more had stepped it o 'er, and none were left behind !

*There are men and women that perish ; they die on the sea and the shore,*

*For the storm and the plague and the bullet are awake and at work evermore ;*

*But the angels above who are watching sing gladly with glorified breath*

*When the men who may choose base living refuse and go bravely down to the death !*

\* \* \* \* \*

Be ready, O ye heroes, by despot arms assailed !

For Houston is at Washington and Fannin's men have failed ;

Your eyes are tired with watching, your hope and  
help are gone,  
And Santa Anna's savage hosts will storm the fort  
at dawn !

The bugles blare the frenzied "Charge !" The  
bands Deguelo play ;  
The cry, "No quarter," leaps and rolls above the  
morning gray ;  
Now God protect the heroes there ! If Santa Anna  
wins,  
Each Texan there shall slaughter share, if once the  
work begins.

In yonder plaza stands the chief beside the hidden  
gun,  
While forward, forward, in attack the footmen rush  
and run ;  
To north and east, to north and west, the thronging  
thousands swarm,  
And oh, the horrid wings of death that ride upon  
the storm !

On still they sweep ! Is there no help—no arm  
outstretched to save ?  
Alas, that might can conquer right, the many slay  
the brave !  
Like shambled sheep the thousands leap across the  
wall,—and—then—  
From room to room—they drive—to—doom—the  
still unconquered men !

Here Travis fell ; here Bonham died ; here Evans  
perished, too ;  
There Crockett fell, by danger slain, who danger  
never knew ;  
There Bowie, on his bed of death, with pistols made  
reply  
To all his foes required of him, and taught them  
how to die !

How red and rare the deep wounds stare ! The  
Church this Sabbath day  
Knows scenes that none e'er saw before who  
gathered here to pray ;  
For dead and dying Mexicans are counted hundreds  
five,  
And of the gallant Texans not one is left alive !

God rest them well ! Their blood and brawn were  
gifts to liberty ;  
They died to save the Lone Star Flag, and make  
their people free ;  
And love shall keep their holy sleep and twine  
sweet garlands when  
The heart of Freedom mourns above brave Travis  
and his men.

*O, it's East and West and North and South,—it's the  
Old World and the New ;  
It's every place that the human race has warred and  
wandered through ;*

*But not the years that the ancients lived nor the years  
that the moderns know  
Such deeds have wrought as the men who fought at the  
Church of the Alamo !*

## THE BATTLE OF THE WASHITA.

(The battle of the Washita was fought November 28, 1868, near the present town of Cheyenne, Roger Mills County, Oklahoma, between General Custer's Seventh Cavalry and Black Kettle's band of Indians.)

*T*HERE are battles by populous cities and battles  
where business roars ;  
There are battles in song-famous valleys and battles on  
ballad-sung shores ;  
But the battles that conquered the prairies and laid the  
red devils to rest  
Are the battles of bounty and blessing that live in the  
lives of the West.

*There's many a soldier lives in song whose deathless  
deeds were bold,  
But Custer was much the bravest man that ever had  
heart of gold ;  
There's many a regiment rolled in fame, but none  
could braver be  
Than the men who rode to the Washita in the Seventh  
Cavalry !*

The savage tribes in paint and plume have danced  
the dance of war,  
And bursting from the far southwest have wandered  
fast and far ;

And where they sweep the settler's keep in fire and  
smoke has fled,  
While settler, wife, and children,—all are lying  
scalped and dead !

The swart Cheyenne and Kiowa, the tall Arapahoe,  
Comanche, and Apache fierce, have joined the  
fiendish foe ;  
And swift along the far frontier with fire and slaughter,  
too,  
They 've scourged the Kansas hills and plains with  
deeds that demons do.

“ Ho, to your saddles, Custer ! ” Then thundered  
Sheridan ;  
“ There 's work to do for such as you and for your  
gallant men ;  
I trust you well in everything ; with neither wait  
nor word  
Drive back these beasts into their lairs and make  
them feel your sword ! ”

“ My boys are quick and tireless, sir ; no blade of  
grass shall grow  
Beneath our feet until we meet and slay the savage  
foe ;  
With lively pains we 'll scour the plains ; we 'll  
soothe to rest again  
The seven seas of broad prairies and give them back  
to men ! ”



“ Now, red-skins, to your villages, and pray the  
 Manitou,  
 For Custer and his cavalry are on the trail for you !  
 And you shall feel their swords of steel,—’t is war’s  
 relentless law,—  
 And see your lodges stained with blood beside the  
 Washita.”

It was a gallant regiment that marched from old  
 Fort Hays  
 To hunt the prowling savages in those October  
 days ;  
 High beat their hearts and fearless, and plagues of  
 want and woe  
 Were bred to fall on each and all that dared to be  
 a foe !

It ’s southward over Kansas the eager troopers  
 press ;  
 It ’s past Fort Dodge, and on and on, into the wil-  
 derness ;  
 It ’s marching, marching, through the day, it ’s  
 mounting guard by night,  
 Until at last the game is treed ; now, soldiers, to the  
 fight !

“ Ho, troopers, do you see it ? Here runs the re-  
 cent trail !  
 Not far the Indian village now ; your mission shall  
 not fail ;

Ere long the murdered white men, the women worse  
than slain,  
By your brave arms avenge their harms, and rest at  
peace again."

Through sleet and snow the soldiers go ; what mat-  
ters wind or cold ?  
Their strong hearts warm defy the storm, with cour-  
age brave and bold ;  
Though quick-sands yawn and ice impedes, yet  
uncomplainingly  
They forward march where Custer leads—the  
Seventh Cavalry !

" Now steadily and silently, O scouts, with caution  
crawl !  
A single sound may reach the foe, and warn him  
once for all ;  
Too far we come, too far we march ; 't were ever-  
more our shame,  
If some neglect should rouse him now, and rob us  
us of our game.

" Ho, ho ! Ho, ho ! Here ashes glow ! We now  
are near at last ;  
Heard ye that howl ? A snapping cur growls o'er  
his rough repast !  
And—lower still ! Ye gods, what ill ! A baby's  
fretful cry !  
Alas, that men such deeds must do, and little ones  
must die ! "

Now to the east and to the west and to the north  
and south,  
The men in silence find their way across the val-  
ley's mouth ;  
O sleeping red-skins, to your prayers ! Invoke the  
Manitou,  
For Custer and his cavalry are all surrounding you !

It's little rest the soldiers take ; it's little sleep  
they know,  
So cold the night howls overhead, so deep the  
drifted snow ;  
But tired limbs and heavy eyes have hastened far  
away,  
For " Garryowen " and the " Charge " shall sound  
at break of day.

" The East grows pale ; the shadows fail ! When  
will the bugle blow ?  
Whose that command which lags behind,—which  
keeps us waiting so ? "  
Hark ! Loud and clear with cheer on cheer the  
" Charge " rings on the air,  
And, ere the lodges leap awake, the strong-limbed  
men are there !

Now steady, steady, steady, men ! Be cautious  
through the strife !  
Each lodge leaps up, the village wakes, with savage,  
naked life !

On fast and far ! On, lines of war ! Like tigers  
for their prey,  
Sweep onward still o'er highest hill, and every foe-  
man slay !

But yonder, yonder fires the foe from every far  
ravine !  
And yonder, yonder, through the trees, the skulk-  
ing braves are seen !  
And there, and here, from tepees near, the swarthy  
squaws reveal  
With deadly rifles aimed too well, the deadly hate  
they feel !

Let not that dirge wake pity now ! Hard, hard let  
hearts remain !  
So shrieked, so mourned white women, too, o'er  
babes and husbands slain !  
'T is but the death-song born of fear ; if Death is  
master there,  
God let them know how fierce is woe that prays a  
hopeless prayer !

Behind each bush a foeman lurks—behind each rock  
and tree ;  
Charge right and left ! Charge back and forth, till  
every one shall flee !  
Red hearts must feel the stroke of steel ; for still  
their victims cry  
For vengeance on the ruthless foe,—for vengeance  
mountains high !

Up hill, down vale, the troopers charge ; and fast  
 the warriors all  
 Before the swords of righteous wrath in terror flee  
 and fall ;  
 And every stroke writes down in blood what ne'er  
 was writ before,  
 " Black Kettle and his savage band shall ride the  
 plains no more ! "

Now rest ye, gallant troopers all ! The weary chase  
 is done ;  
 The savages are loose no more, the battle has been  
 won ;  
 These ghastly forms—five score and more—pro-  
 claim how well have wrought  
 Your soldier arms, your soldier swords, that leaped  
 with righteous thought.

O sleepers on the wide, wide plains ! O mangled,  
 murdered men !  
 Not unavenged you rest to-day for all you suffered  
 then !  
 Your savage foes are silent now ; these stains upon  
 the snow  
 Are red as those beside your doors a few short weeks  
 ago !

\* \* \* \* \*

Where thus the white and red man strove, some  
 thirty years ago,  
 The stains no more make red the soil, and greenest  
 grasses grow ;

And happy homes where roses twine and children  
    laugh and play  
Have filled with peace the vast frontiers since that  
    eventful day.

No more the war-paint redly glows upon the war-  
    rior's face ;  
No more the war-dance reels and roars through all  
    a savage race ;  
No more the bands of mounted braves in haste and  
    hurry ride  
To murder men and ply the torch, through all the  
    borders wide.

No more red hands and redder hearts have king-  
    doms for their reigns ;  
No more the war-whoops roll and ring across the  
    desert plains ;  
No more the war-drums send abroad their doleful  
    melody,  
Since Custer led his gallant men,—the Seventh  
    Cavalry !

*There are battles by populous cities and battles where  
    business roars ;  
There are battles in song-famous valleys and battles  
    on ballad-sung shores ;  
But the battles that conquered the prairies and laid the  
    red devils to rest  
Are the battles of bounty and blessing that live in the  
    lives of the West !*

## THE PLAINT OF THE TENDERFOOT.

*DOWN* along the Cimarron where the currents  
twine,  
There I met an immigrant in eighteen eighty-nine ;  
He was all alone and his heart was stone,—he had  
gathered bitter fruit,  
And his hoarse voice rang as he sadly sang the *Plaint*  
of the *Tenderfoot* :

From Indiana it was I came, some seventeen days  
ago,  
To find me a farm in the “ Beautiful Land ” that the  
boomers have tried to blow ;  
And in those few days I have lived more ways than  
the brutes of the jungles do ;  
I have seen more things than a bird with wings could  
flutter or fly up through ;  
And if ever I do get home again, though bacon and  
bread be slack,  
I ’ll be content with a bit of both, and a clean shirt  
to my back.

I have learned some things that are valuable ; it is  
now quite plain to me  
This opening up new lands to the world is n’t what  
it is said to be ;

With the "sooner" before and the "sooner" behind,  
the honest man has no chance ;  
They'll gobble his claim and blacken his name and  
take every cent in his pants :  
And if ever I do get home again, no matter how  
much I lack,  
I'll be content with an empty purse, and a clean  
shirt to my back.

I stopped at Arkansas City, and bought me a horse  
and cart ;  
I crossed the Strip in elegant style, with a high and  
hopeful heart ;  
And "overland fish" was all my grub, and my drink  
was the water white  
Which rose in the tracks that the cattle made,  
through the dews of the chilly night ;  
And if ever I do get home again, they may call me  
white or black,  
But I'll be content with an oat-straw bed, and a  
clean shirt to my back.

I travelled a hundred miles, I think, and I slept on  
the ground, I know ;  
I never have washed or shaved my face since fifteen  
days ago ;  
For the wild wolves howled and ran them round in  
the most alarming curves,  
And I am not used to that sort of thing,—it is wear-  
ing on my nerves !



And if ever I do get home again, I may fall into  
wrong and rack,  
But I'll be content with a quiet place, and a clean  
shirt to my back.

I ran a race for a dozen miles,—a wild and a reck-  
less race,—  
That far surpassed Dick Turpin's ride or a London  
steeple-chase ;  
And when I stopped, not a single soul,—not a thing  
was there in sight,—  
But a vast amount of the meanest land that ever  
lay out at night ;  
And if ever I do get home again, I'll stay in the  
beaten track,  
And be content with a good clean face, and a clean  
shirt to my back.

But in half an hour on that very claim there were  
six men holding it,  
(I never hold out for a swine myself and I know  
when it's time to quit ;)  
So I sold my right for a paltry five, and had given  
the buyer ten  
To take<sup>6</sup> the quarter and let me go and live in the  
world again<sup>7</sup> ;  
And if ever I do get home again, no matter how  
small my pack,  
I'll be content with a good whole skin, and a clean  
shirt to my back.

I never was used to rifles much and pistols take my  
    sand,  
And the boomers that love this soil so much have  
    one or the other at hand ;  
And grub 's too dear for a man out here, and if I  
    should the State receive,  
I never would stay but would up and away, as soon  
    as I ever could leave ;  
And if ever I do get home again, I 'll sail on a safer  
    tack,  
And be content with the breath of life, and a clean  
    shirt to my back.

I 've driven that horse on water and grass some  
    thousands of miles, I know ;  
I 've shivered with cold and thirsted for drink and  
    famished for eatables so !  
But you never can see what a fool you can be till  
    you turn yourself over and try,  
And you cannot be sure what a broncho 'll endure  
    from the pauper-born look of his eye ;  
And if ever I do get home again, then death to the  
    boomer's clack !  
For I 'll be content with my hair slicked up, and a  
    clean shirt to my back.

Here 's the horse and cart and the love of my heart  
    to whoever will ship me home ;  
Should I live as long as Methuselah did, I never  
    again will roam ;

I 'll return elate to the Hoosier State,—it is far too good for me !

This opening up new lands to the world is n't what it is said to be ;

And if ever I do get home again, I 'll stay till the earth shall crack,

And be content with a six-foot-two, and a clean shirt to my back !

*Down along the Cimarron, where the currents twine,*

*There I met an immigrant in eighteen eighty-nine ;*

*He was all alone and his heart was stone,—he had gathered bitter fruit,*

*And his hoarse voice rang as he sadly sang this Plaint of the Tenderfoot !*

## SLAUGHTERING THE PONIES.

(After the battle of the Washita, eight hundred Indian ponies, which had been captured, were shot under General Custer's order, to prevent their re-capture by the Indians from whom they had been taken.)

*Battle is Battle and War is War ;  
Soldiers must do what their swords abhor ;  
And he who wins in the fierce assaults  
Suffers and sins, like the one who fails.*

“ Round up the horses, troopers ; we march at early  
dawn ;  
Round up the horses quickly,—the forage all is  
gone ;  
And take the Indian ponies,—eight hundred, so  
you say,—  
And shoot them in the valley about the break of  
day.”

The battle all is over ; the warriors far have fled,  
Save something like a hundred braves that slumber  
stark and dead ;  
The captured squaw and papoose are under guard,  
to be  
The trophies of the victors,—the Seventh Cavalry.

It is a hundred miles or more ere they can reach  
again  
The quarters full of forage for jaded beasts and  
men ;  
The savages are everywhere ; a few short hours,  
and they  
Will ambush all the narrow trails and challenge to  
the fray.

The captives must be guarded, too, and all must  
march in haste ;  
With famine fourteen hours ahead, there is no time  
to waste ;  
'T were folly deep the spoils to keep while facing  
such a foe,  
For, thus encumbered, all would die, while march-  
ing through the snow.

“ Round up the horses, troopers ; the forage all is  
gone ;  
And, sergeant, take the ponies and slaughter them  
at dawn ;  
Eight hundred Indian ponies once dead, and we  
shall find  
Our enemies dismounted a hundred miles behind ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

The bugle wakes the sleepers ; the east is purple  
quite,  
And “ Boots and Saddles ” rouses the camp at  
morning light ;

34      Songs from the Southwest Country.

'T is time that all were moving ; the rations are so  
small

The soldiers and the captives can hardly eat at all.

It's back to Old Cantonment they go with horse  
and men ;

It's back to hear the praises of warlike Sheridan ;

It's back from all their hardships, with rest and  
victory

Upon the famous banners of the Seventh Cavalry !

" Forward ! " the order echoes ; and forward up the  
hill,

The soldiers and their captives move swiftly with a  
will ;

For well the weary troopers with eager longings  
know

That cozy barracks warm and snug are just across  
the snow.

They march in silence forward ; hark ! Through  
the valley runs

The rolling roar of firing from half a hundred guns ;

The horses leap in terror ; a soldier mutters low,

" They're killing off the ponies we captured from  
the foe ! "

Yet fainter grows the firing, and fainter, fainter still,

Till single shots alone are heard across the wooded  
hill ;

Then silence falls behind them, and all the troopers  
know

Eight hundred Indian ponies are dead upon the  
snow !

Upon a swinging gallop the troop belated comes  
And joins the marching columns, but silent are the  
drums ;

And as they swing in squadron each trooper's eyes  
are dim,

Because some helpless pony received a shot from  
him !

Excusable? Assuredly ! No censure dare befall!  
To win excuses everything ; 't is failing blames it  
all !

They won ; they won it bravely ; who dares to  
question aught

Of all the mighty deeds they did, when once the  
deeds are wrought ?

These piles of bones, you ask me ? These piles of  
bones they made

That cold November morning at War's heroic trade,  
When Custer slaughtered quickly here in the  
drifted snow

Eight hundred Indian ponies, some thirty years ago !

*Battle is Battle and War is War ;  
Soldiers must do what their swords abhor ;  
And he who wins in the fierce assails  
Suffers and sins, like the one who fails !*

DAVID L. PAYNE.

'T IS he that finds  
New hopes for human grieving,  
New homes for men and women, who is great ;  
He frees their minds,  
He conquers their bereaving,  
And leads them forth,—the builders of the state.

Not he that fills  
The world with blood and battle  
Is most the hero, though he win a crown ;  
The brute that kills  
Is worse than brutal cattle  
That blindly crush their weaker fellows down.

Though wars may rage,  
In bread, not blood, is glory,—  
The plow is more exalted than the sword ;  
Who tells his age  
Advancement's mighty story  
Thrills all the future with each potent word.

And such was Payne :  
His country's battles over,  
He stormed the desert,—bade the thousands come ;



Of wood and plain  
He made himself a rover,  
Homeless to win the homeless hosts a home.

A new Crusade  
He preached, a second Hermit,  
A savage land from wildness to redeem ;  
He slowly made,  
Whatever fools may term it,  
A mighty force that realized his dream.

He first conceived  
A homeless people making  
Glad homes of plenty where the coyotes ran ;  
He first believed  
This hidden land, forsaking  
Its desert ways, would leap the thrones of man.

He broke no law,  
And yet the law's defenders  
Upon his guiltless head their vengeance poured ;  
The lion's paw  
That only helpless renders  
Tossed him, poor victim, and the lion roared !

And foolish men,  
Both civilized and savage,  
Swore he was wrong, and cursed with venom white ;  
They called him then  
An outlaw, born for ravage,  
A bandit chief, and locked him from the light.

The soldiers came  
 And led him forth in fetters,—  
 A free man chained in Freedom's nooning time ;  
     The prison shame,  
 The dungeon damp, in letters  
 Burning with blackness, branded him with crime.

Yet forth he walked,  
 Defying force and faction,  
 A martyr scourged and beaten for his cause ;  
     And as he talked,  
 Demanding onward action,  
 He shamed the people for their shameful laws.

His ardent hopes,  
 Like some divine aroma,  
 Pervaded all the globe with sweet perfume ;  
     And o'er the slopes  
 Advanced young Oklahoma,  
 His child of light, to make the desert bloom.

This be his fame :  
 The prison cell defying,  
 He led mankind where bayonets blocked the way ;  
     So shall his name  
 In hearts of love undying  
 Live through the ages to the farthest day.

For those that lead,  
 Despising death and danger,  
 The ages build Fame's restless telegraph ;

He led, indeed ;  
And for the careless stranger  
Who knew him not, this be his epitaph :

He dreamed and wrought,  
And dreaming wrought unceasing  
To shape his dreams and fill them to the full ;  
He dreamed and thought  
Of mighty States increasing,  
And gave his life to make them possible!

## KANSAS.

SHE felt, they say,  
The battle-storms of earth,  
The cannons cradled her,  
The war-drums beat fierce lullabies  
At her wild birth ;  
Yet she in danger found a paradise,  
And bowed,—its worshipper !

'T was thus she roused  
The multitudes to arms,  
And made the nations feel  
The precepts they had taught and talked  
Of hurts and harms ;  
Until God came and led her, and she walked  
The child of sword and steel.

What though she loves  
The Novel and the New ?  
What though she sometimes fall  
When scaling heights of sky and star  
To find the True ?  
For him that strives, God's angels shall unbar  
The gates of all in all !

What though her wounds  
Be many and severe ?  
What though her shoulder bend  
Beneath the crushing loads  
She does not fear ?  
Travel is easy in the beaten roads,—  
Ease has no worthy end.

Though bruises come,  
The brave pursue the quest ;  
Though failure and defeat  
Their harsh, ignoble measures sing,  
To strive is best ;  
To sloth the Fates no crowns of laurel bring,  
And conquering is sweet.

Who never strives  
Forever falls and fails  
Where Terror sways her hosts  
And Force with all the fraud of greeds  
Makes fierce assails ;  
'T is only he that battles on and bleeds  
Deserves his boasts.

She seeks the New,—  
She loves its laughing youth ;  
She leaves the Old, as fear  
Forsakes the ways of pestilence ;  
And for the truth,  
Warm in the heart of high Omnipotence,  
She struggles year by year.

Her heart, her hope,  
Is boundless as her plains ;  
She walks the starry ways,  
She leaps the vale and mountain-side,  
For endless gains ;  
Her faith haunts all the far horizons wide  
With voice of prayer and praise !

And so to thee,  
O Kansas, unto thee,  
Proud child of tale and song,  
Whom brave men filled with hope and health,  
Let blessings be !  
Thou hast the soul of empires, commonwealth  
Whose infancy was strong !

Free blood fast bounds  
Along the sleepy veins  
At mention of thy name ;  
Thine eyes are on the future, great  
With wondrous gains ;  
Such be thy glory, and the years elate  
Shall justify thy fame !

## THE STAMPEDE.

WE took our turn at the guard that night, just  
Sour-dough Charlie and I,  
And as we mounted our ponies, there were clouds  
in the western sky ;  
And we knew that before the morning the storm by  
the north wind stirred  
Would scourge the plains with its furies fierce and  
madden the savage herd ;  
But we did not shrink the danger ; we had ridden  
the plains for years,—  
The crash of the storm and the cattle's cry were  
music in our ears.

We drove the herd to a circle ; for the winds were  
calm, and we knew  
That somewhere near to the midnight shift the  
storm-fiends would be due ;  
We rode the rounds unceasingly, and we worked  
with an anxious will  
Until the cattle were lying down and the mighty  
herd was still,  
And only the musical breathing of the bedded  
beasts arose  
As we rounded the living circle and guarded their  
light repose.

Then the storm came on in anger ; the winds of a sudden turned,  
The lightnings flamed through the seething skies,  
and the prairies blazed and burned ;  
The thunders rolled like an avalanche, and they shook the rocking world,  
That trembling quaked as the storm so wild its banners of blaze unfurled ;  
The fires flew over the frightened herd and leaped from horn to horn  
Till horrible clamors rose and fell in chaos of fear forlorn.

The herd awoke in a minute ; but we rode through the flashing ways  
And sang with a will the olden songs we learned in our childhood days ;  
The human voice has a wondrous power, and the wildest beast that moans  
Forgets its fear in a dream of peace at the sound of its tender tones ;  
And on through the blinding flashes and on through the dark and the light,  
We rode with the old songs ringing, and we prayed for the death of night.

I never could tell how it happened ; there came a tremendous crash,  
A wolf jumped out of the chaparral,—and the herd was off in a flash !  
And Charlie was riding before them ; then I saw him draw his gun

And fire at the plunging leaders, till he turned them  
one by one ;  
Then the darkness fell,—I could not see,—and then  
in the blinding light  
My pard went down, and the maddened herd swept  
on through the savage night !

Him I found where the cattle rushed in the wild of  
their wandering,  
Broken and beaten by scores of hoofs, a crushed and  
a mangled thing !  
And his pony lay with a broken leg, as dead as a  
rotten log,  
Where its foot had slipped in the hidden hole of a  
worthless prairie-dog.  
We buried him there—you can see the stones—and  
whether we die or live,  
We gave him the best of a funeral that a cowboy  
camp can give.

His name ? It was Sour-dough Charlie, sir ; and  
whether a good or bad,  
We called him that for a score of years—it was all  
the name he had !  
I found a locket above his heart, with a picture  
there of grace  
That showed a girl with a curly head and a most  
uncommon face ;  
Hero, you say ? Well, maybe so ; for I know it is  
oft confessed  
That he's the kind of a man it takes for the work  
here in the West.



## A SONG FOR THE SETTLER.

THERE are songs for the valiant soldier  
Who fights for his native shore  
And carries her dauntless banners  
On a hundred fields or more ;  
There are songs for the gallant sailor  
Who conquers the crested foam,—  
Then a song for the prairie settler,—  
The man in the dug-out home !

He battles the boundless prairies,  
He sabres the savage soil,  
He masters the foes that face him,  
With the might of his tireless toil ;  
The plow is the flashing weapon  
That slaughters the sodden loam,  
And over them all he triumphs,—  
The man in the dug-out home.

What matters the howling blizzard,  
The hot winds and the heat ?  
Through summer and winter he marches  
With the tread of victorious feet ;

He turns the sod and he sows it,—  
He reaps, whatever may come,  
And Plenty crowns with her blessedness  
The man in the dug-out home.

He toils, and the barren desert,  
Forgetting its former days,  
Transforms itself to a garden,  
With a garden's wondrous ways ;  
And contentment fills his bosom  
While morning and evening gloam,—  
He's a king that owns his kingdom,—  
The man in the dug-out home !

His coming is swift and silent ;  
He carries no sounding drum,  
But the savage hosts of the desert flee  
Whenever his legions come ;  
He conquers the untamed prairies,  
He masters the stubborn land,  
Till towns and cities and commonwealths  
Arise at his regal hand.

O man in the prairie dug-out,  
Your peaceful arts are best,  
You have made new homes for the hopes of men,  
You have built the wondrous West ;  
And all that it holds exalted,  
And all that it prizes true,  
Would never have been without the toil  
Of a hero such as you !

Then a song for the valiant settler,  
And a song for his humble home !  
For the valleys laugh and the prairies bloom  
Wherever his feet may roam !  
He scatters the countless blessings  
That never their bounties cease,  
This man that is more than hero  
In his dug-out home of peace !

## LINES ON CAPTAIN PAYNE'S CABIN.

WITHIN this humble cabin dwelt  
A man who mankind's longing felt ;  
Who bravely strove and proudly wrought  
To fill his one heroic thought ;  
Who, seeking homes for thousands, made  
His bold incursions unrepaid,  
Though this, his castle, rose to bless  
With peace the savage wilderness,  
A light that saw, as once did he,  
The mighty commonwealths to be.

His was the mind that dared receive  
What others only half believe ;  
His was the heart that knew the need  
And dared the homeless hundreds lead ;  
His were the feet that dared to stand  
Undaunted in the savage land ;  
And his the hands that crowned his plan,  
And gave the desert back to man.

These are his meeds : Homes fill the plains  
Where he, a martyr, walked in chains,  
And every prison where he came  
Is holy with his holy fame ;  
The vales with towns are thicker set  
Than once with sword and bayonet,  
And every place where once he stood  
Proclaims the glories of his good.

He dared ; he did ; and thus 't is so  
He reaps rewards that heroes know :  
A name that grateful people crown  
With lofty praise and high renown ;  
For kindly Heaven to him sent  
A commonwealth for monument ;  
Undying, unforgotten, then,  
While lives a loving race of men !

#### MOUNTAIN SONG.

AWAY to the mountains, away, away !  
Beyond the desolate plains that rise  
From hollow vales where the rivers play,  
To the snowy summits that reach the skies !  
The treasures of gold for our coming wait  
Beyond the desert so grim and gray ;  
Then a sigh and a tear for the loved ones here,  
And away to the mountains, away, away !

Away to the mountains, away, away !  
 Their giant veins with a golden flood  
 Throb ever, forever, and riot gay  
 With regal riches of royal blood ;  
 The odorous pines with their balmy breath  
 Shall waft us a welcome, for aye, for aye ;  
 Then a tear and a sigh and a tender good-bye,  
 And away to the mountains, away, away !

Away to the mountains, away, away !  
 To dig and delve at their heart's rich core,  
 To cut and carve where the treasures stay,  
 And stain our hands with their yellow gore ;  
 And after the moments of toil and care,  
 We shall be happy as Spring's bright day ;  
 Then a sigh and a kiss for the ones we shall miss,  
 And away to the mountains, away, away !

"WHEN THE GOLDEN-ROD IS YELLOW."

DREAMY haze of languor fills  
 All the smoky valleys tender,  
 And above the haloed hills  
 Hangs the Summer's golden splendor ;  
 Fields are rich with ripened grain,  
 Orchards bend with fruitage mellow,  
 Plenty rules the boundless plain,—  
 When the golden-rod is yellow.

Spring, so young and debonair,  
Fell before the mighty Summer,  
And old Winter, worn with care,  
Overthrows the Autumn comer ;  
Gladness heaps the hearts of need,  
All are kings and none the fellow,  
And the world is bright indeed,  
When the golden-rod is yellow.

Let contentment rule the board,  
Sing the songs that banish sadness ;  
Nature brings the bounties stored  
When the days were full of gladness ;  
Happiness shall lift her voice  
When the tempests rage and bellow,  
For the sons of men rejoice  
When the golden-rod is yellow.

#### ON THE SHANKY-TANK.

O THE shady Shanky-tank ! There the willows  
rich and rank  
Bend their happy heads together o'er the water's  
dimpled face,  
And with arms of gladdest glee clasp in royal revelry  
All the winsome, winding river in a rapturous em-  
brace !

Evermore a chorus swells from the tinkle of the  
bells  
Where the cows a-lowing loiter in the meadows  
on the bank,

And a boyish whistle throws all the music heaven  
knows

From the birds that warble ever up and down the  
Shanky-tank.

Days of laughter live again through the yearning  
years of men,

And I blithely bend unwearied o'er the water  
waves below,

Underneath the sycamore, just as in the hours of  
yore,

And the fishes bite forever through the vanished  
Long Ago.

Or secure in cool retreat from Midsummer's burning  
heat,

Poised above the placid waters in the shadows  
deep and dim,

There I plunge with sudden spring, claiming Nep-  
tune for my king,

And, a fondly fearless merman, pass a pleasant  
hour with him.

Oh, my feet unwearied are, though I wander fast and  
far

Where the angels romped with boyhood through  
each happy quip and prank,

And again my longings dine from the tables spread  
so fine

With ambrosial foods and nectars on the shady  
Shanky-tank !

## OKLAHOMA.

HERE through the ages old the desert slept  
In solitudes unbroken, save when passed  
The bison herds, and savage hunters swept  
In thundering chaos down the valleys vast ;  
But lo ! across the desert margins stepped  
Progression's mighty legions, and one blast  
From her transforming trumpet filled the last  
Lone covert where affrighted wildness crept.

Full armed and armored at her wondrous birth,  
Her shining temples wreathed with gorgeous  
dower,  
She sits among the empires of the earth ;  
Her proud achievements o'er the nations tower,  
Won by her people with their royal worth  
Of lofty culture, wisdom, wealth, and power !

## THE MISSISSIPPI.

THIS mighty stream that types a people free,  
Upon whose breast the argosies of pride  
And all the navies of the nations ride,  
Sings evermore exalted songs to me ;  
The margins tall breathe hymns of majesty,  
And every eddy of the onward tide,  
An orchestra, quires endless music wide,  
And full of peace, and tender as the sea.



A thousand cities by thee burn and blaze,  
Vast commonwealths beside thee sentry keep,  
And empires o'er thee clasp their guarding  
hands ;  
Yet my full heart hears anguish in thy lays :  
Old mountain mem'ries in their dirges weep  
And, in their ditties, sigh for unseen lands !

## THE PLAINS.

THEY called them " Deserts " once; but like a sea  
The tides of life with leaping currents warm  
Swept in the countless millions, swarm on swarm,  
And covered all their vast immensity ;  
The wildness changed to bounties for the free,  
And man's firm hand tamed there the savage  
storm,  
And slowly sure came rounding into form  
The giant limbs of commonwealths to be.

These prairies teem with plenty ; these high streams  
Roll rich, unmeasured lengths of waters down ;  
And cities are beside them, whose fair dreams  
With stately splendor every hilltop crown ;  
Each valley smiles with gladness, and it seems  
The desert has forgotten how to frown.

## BY THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

THIS was the path of empire. Fifty years  
Have hung their halos where heroic rolled  
The white-topped wagons of the pioneers  
Who walked the desert ways for dreams of gold.  
How gaunt and ghastly spread the far frontiers  
With care and carnage for the pale-face bold,  
When savage legions with embattled spears  
Brought death and danger to the days of old !

Here crossed the prairies toward the Golden Gates  
The fathers, founders of the newer West ;  
They conquered kingdoms in their mighty quest,  
And sowed the seeds of cities, towns, and states ;  
Lo, by their prowess is the present blest,  
And on their glory all the future waits !

## WHERE CUSTER FELL.

WHERE Custer fell ! The nation strows  
The brightest garlands Honor knows  
Upon the marbles that alway  
Mark holy mounds of yellow clay,  
And wreaths of glory there bestows.

The Little Big Horn softly goes  
Around the ridges, and it flows  
With sweeter music all the day  
Where Custer fell.

For him, the Matchless, him and those  
 Who died with him before their foes,  
     Let Grandeur twine her laurels gay,  
     Let Freedom shout their fame and say :  
 " Heroes of might alone repose  
     Where Custer fell ! "

# THE COWBOY POET.

O'ER the prairies vast of created things roam  
     the steers of my thoughts in herds,  
 Where I round them up for the branding-iron and I  
     lariat them with words ;  
 Then away to the great corrals of books do I drive  
     the unruly throng,  
 Till the world appears at the stock-yard pens and  
     receives them there in song !

# THE SUNFLOWER.

I N pomp this princess of the prairie stands,  
     A crown of gold upon her head sublime ;  
 She sways her sceptre o'er the gorgeous lands  
     And rules, the mistress of the realms of time ;  
 But from her eyes no glances earthward run :  
 She gazing worships toward her god, the sun !



SONNETS.



## BOOKS.

THESE are not ink and paper ! They are souls  
That strove in travail ; they are lives of tears ;  
The brain-throbs and the heart-beats of long  
years

Writhe in dumb agony upon these scrolls !  
Here smiles the Hope that like an ocean rolls  
From Deed to Duty ; here weep doubts and fears  
In bosoms tremulous ; here Love endears  
Disconsolate toil and endless hate controls.

Aye, these are inspiration ! In the low  
Sad hours of weakness, they are stores of might ;  
They treasure truths eternal, and they glow  
With stars brought earthward from unmeasured  
Night ;  
Somewhat of God's great verities they know,  
Somewhat of Man's far future and its light !

## THE TEACHER.

BEHOLD the Priest of Knowledge ! On the  
heights  
Where vast Omniscience over-arching broods,  
He stands with Truth, in whose infinitudes  
Blaze the swung censers and the altar lights ;

There he, beloved of Wisdom and her rites,  
 Receives the verities and endless goods,  
 The graces of old Nature's wondrous moods,  
 And all the stars of Glory's happy nights.

Lo, at the touching of his finger-tips,  
 Earth's bended millions lose their burdened  
                   years,  
 Unshackled slaves are masters of their fears,  
 And Fate destroys her serpent-woven whips ;  
 At his fond whispers men forget their tears  
 And chant the songs of God's Apocalypse !

#### ON THE GREAT PYRAMID.

**H**ERE Time uplifts the curtains of the Past,  
 And shows what hides behind them.    Lo, I  
                   stand

Upon the gravestones of a mighty land  
 Like yonder Sphinx, unspeaking to the last !  
 There sweep the sacred Nile's great waters vast ;  
 There Cairo sits ; and there the Libyan sand  
 Spreads shadowless.    There Goshen's plains ex-  
                   pand,

Where Jacob and his children broke their fast ;  
 There, farther on, the ancient land of Ur,  
 Whence Abram journeyed, meets the rounded  
                   sky ;

Yon heaps of rubbish Memphis, Ghizeh, were,  
 And here entombed old Egypt's glories lie  
 Ghastly and silent, though the world comes nigh  
 And stirs the dust once animate in her !



IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THESE walls are hero-haunted. Prisoned here  
 Are princes of enchantment. King and sage,  
 Great knight and warrior from romantic age,  
 In all their wealth of glorious deeds appear.  
 The mad magician and the saintly seer,  
 The brave and great, their mighty struggles  
 wage ;  
 Fair ladies and base men o'er silent page  
 Move on forever through each changing year.

Here sleeps the fabled and here lives the true ;  
 Who kept his faith and who that faith betrayed ;  
 The heart of honor and the soul of shame ;  
 The worthless censure reap, the worthy, fame ;  
 Some bring new burdens, some their fellows aid,  
 But all are here, O child of joy, for you !

AT ROSSETTI'S GRAVE.

HE sleeps in sight and hearing of the sea,  
 Its music and its murmurs ; fondly reach  
 Incessant voices of angelic speech  
 Across his grave and all its mystery.  
 The restless waves with sounds of solemn glee  
 Beat softly on the Kentish shores, and teach  
 The winds that linger on the lonely beach  
 The songs of his exalted melody.

Great Art he served,—she was his life and light ;  
Sweet Music sang,—she was his happiness ;  
Till Glory twined his royal brows with might,  
And Fame's fond chorus lulled his soul's distress ;  
Then Death, God's angel, came and in the night,  
Soothed him to slumber with Love's kind  
caress.

## NEW ENGLAND.

NO common history hers. Great Freedom filled  
Her infant nostrils with the winds of power,  
Love led her childish feet, and Labor thrilled  
Her youthful yearnings into fruited flower ;  
Then commonwealths and cities rose that hilled  
Her matron brows with Plenty's gorgeous  
dower,  
And Art's imperial armies, service-skilled,  
Clothed her in garbs of glory hour by hour.

Heroic children of heroic days  
Drank virtue, faith, and valor from thy breast,  
Along thy hills and valleys, brooks and bays ;  
Then crossing prairie, scaling mountain crest,  
They roamed the deserts and the lonely ways,  
And empires reared through all the boundless  
West !

IMMUTABLE.

FRET not thyself because the world and thee  
 May stand in opposition. What though  
 coarse

Mob-hordes of error hurl invectives hoarse  
 And surging curse and threaten like a sea?  
 What though foul serpents dark with calumny  
 Circle their horrid folds, and evil Force  
 Chain thy poor limbs? Seek Wisdom at her  
 Source :

If Truth be thy companion, thou art free !

One day the rabble with uncovered head  
 And silent face shall gather at thy grave,  
 Shall heap thy tomb with Honor's holy bread  
 For all the stones malignant malice gave ;  
 Lo, there the world remorseful tears shall shed,  
 And crown thee master whom it slew a slave !

THE MIGHTIEST.

MAN'S Thought is greater than his life. His  
 soul

Is more abiding than the nimble breath  
 That moves his lips with love's divine control  
 And leaves them voiceless at the gates of death.  
 Beyond the darkened wayside where he gropes  
 In mystic shadows for the paths of light,

He lives enraptured in the larger hopes  
 That float before him like the stars of night.

Great Thoughts, like drum-beats in the battle, **come**  
 To rouse through ages all the hosts of earth,  
 To conquer here a long millennium,  
 And thrill the nations into newer birth ;  
 Man's life is measure of a few small tears ;  
 His Thought is endless as the ceaseless years !

### LILITH.

**M**EN call her fair.    Madonna brows of white  
 With midnight hair encircled ; childish eyes  
 Of liquid wonders wide ; uncertain-wise  
 Her dimpled cheeks of blossom.    Jewels bright  
 Flood her full bosom with the stars of night ;  
 Soft laces billow cloud-wreaths of the skies ;  
 Her slightest footfalls breathe sweet melodies,  
 And all her movements echo music light.

<sup>1</sup>  
 But, Childhood, be thou fearful !    Her desires  
 Burn most voluptuous under draperies thin ;  
 Her soul of guilty lewdness never tires ;  
 Her passions ravage all the hearts they win ;  
 Her lips are crimson with the scarlet fires,  
 And eat for bread the wages of her sin !

ABSENT.

I STOOD before her cottage in the gloom  
 And knew it was deserted. Longings came  
 And urged my drooping lips with loud acclaim  
 To summon her from all her ways of bloom.  
 Shut doors and darkened windows ! O, the doom  
 That weights the heart with absence of a name !  
 I stood and gazed with all my senses lame  
 Before the temple of her silent room !

The grasses whispered, "She shall come again !"  
 The roses said, "She 's coming, coming soon !"  
 The song-birds cried, "For us she longs and  
 longs !"  
 For me alone no promise waited then,  
 For me alone the world was out of tune,  
 And silent then were all its happy songs !

PREOCCUPIED.

YES, I am strange at times, and people shake  
 Their sage heads wisely at my empty face,  
 My vacant eyes of wonder, and they place  
 Their fingers to their foreheads. Never wake  
 Their narrow souls with melodies that break  
 In glorious music from the fields of grace ;

For their rude gaze no sons of Heaven make  
Such wonders as my yearnings fondly trace.

They nothing know of where my soul is then,—  
My rapt, enraptured soul, which eye to eye  
Meets visions that are seldom seen by men,—  
My soul which hears God's music pipe on high,  
And feeds on raptures such as blossom when  
The child of time walks in the Bye and Bye.

#### A DREAM.

THIS dream is sweet,—would God it were for  
aye !

My soul is clothed with freedom, and in might  
Soars upward as an angel of delight,  
While there my body lies,—poor piece of clay !  
Those are my friends yet living. What they say  
Sounds on my quickened senses. Helpless quite  
Am I to greet them ; but these hosts in white,—  
Ah, these are friends I knew but yesterday !

And am I dead ? Nay, nay, but living ! Those  
Who scatter tears upon the silent face  
Of that still body are the dead ones ! Woes  
And agonies and anguish have a place  
In all the years they wander, but the rose  
Of God's eternal pleasures gives me grace !

TO ———.

I COUNT as lost the years I knew thee not,—  
The desert years that longed to know the bloom  
Of laughing springs, the summers of perfume,  
And fruited autumns in each barren spot ;  
When all my life, with fiercest longings hot,  
And hopes unsatisfied, groped in the gloom  
Of perished fancies, and, distract with doom,  
Faced horribly the future's horrid lot.

But hope smiles upward from thy laughing lips,  
Love miracles the trusting of thine eyes,  
And joy leaps at the touching of thy hands ;  
O, wreath me with thy rosy finger-tips !  
For life seems heaven in the deep surprise  
Of knowing one who sees and understands !

TO ———.

THE long, dear thoughts of thee that absence  
brings  
Are sweet and sacred ever ! How I trace  
The tender fulness of thy kindly face  
Through all the dreams to which my rapture clings !  
And from thy lips of happy laughter rings  
Incessant music whose mysterious grace  
Hides in my heart and finds a dwelling-place  
Where all my hope with fondest fancy sings !

Fate played me false when far my feet she drew  
From thy companionship, and led me past  
The gladness and the sunshine leaping there ;  
And still to-day with evils not my due  
My life from thee is held in fetters fast,  
And countless devils mock my constant prayer !

#### THE ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

SHE needs no language. Hers the soul that  
brings  
The songs of gladness for the sobbing cries,  
The smiles of rapture to the tearful eyes,  
And all the grace of God's angelic things ;  
Upon her lips a choir cherubic sings,  
And from her hands fall Love's divine supplies ;  
Her touch is eloquent of Paradise,  
And every motion seems a throb of wings.

What sweet contentment fills the placid place  
Where calm she sits with silent lips and hands  
And holds in ecstasy of rapt embrace  
The heavy heart-soul with her sweet commands !  
Methinks that heaven blossoms in the face  
Of her who sees, and, seeing, understands.



## SYMPATHY.

AS some great flower whose imperial bloom  
Fills all the desert with supreme delight,  
And pours from heart of glory day and night  
The laughing streams of purified perfume,  
Yet dying droops and withers in the doom  
Hurled fiercely down from Noon's relentless  
height,—  
So shrank my life in conflict, conquered quite,  
Helpless and hopeless, praying for the tomb.

But one there came with kindness in her eyes,  
And on her lips the lessons angels teach ;  
She brought me dews reviving, rains that reach  
From blessed fountains of benignant skies :  
My veins throb wines of valor, and I rise  
Strong-armed, stout-hearted, at her tender speech!

## UNFORGETTING.

AS these pale roses, crushed and faded so,  
Dry as the withered stubble, faintly keep  
The gorgeous nights of starry splendors deep,  
The happy days of sunshine and their glow,—  
As in their hearts the morns they used to know,  
The gentle noons and eves of shadow sleep,  
And tender odors, full of fondness, creep

From treasured fragrance of the Long Ago,—  
So my poor soul, a shrivelled, worthless thing,  
    Remembrance holds of half-forgotten spheres  
Where first it felt the sunshine of the spring  
    And drank the nectars of the golden years ;  
    And now and then, between the plash of tears,  
It sobs the music that it used to sing.

### THE DOOR OF LIFE.

**D**EATH is the door of Life. There frightened  
    flees  
    The hard, ignoble world of warring creeds,  
    The realm of narrow hopes and selfish deeds,  
The crime and curse of murder and disease.  
The small, bombastic fools that sore displease,  
    The swollen knaves and microscopic breeds,  
    Stay far behind, and happiness succeeds  
With songs of rapture and the shades of ease.  
The gods are then companions of our days,  
    The noblemen of nature and the great,  
    The royal hearts that found the world too  
    small ;  
And through the vast, illimitable ways,  
    Where Peace and Joy, sweet servants, gladly  
    wait,  
    We walk with Truth, and Love is All in All.

## INACTION.

(On account of the well-recognized precedents in such matters, the Administration does not think the present stage of affairs in Cuba justifies any change in the attitude of the Government.—*Press despatch.*)

WHAT! must thou pause, my Country, cringing low

Before these puppets made of precedent?

Thou unto whom the wrathful ages lent

Their swarming forces to o'ercome thy foe?

Break off thy cobweb fetters! Dost thou know

How from thy lips imploring prayers were sent

When thou wert feeble, till thy chains were rent

And all thine enemies met overthrow?

Arise and act! These be heroic times,

And men are heroes when they duty do;

These precedents are idols, and all climes

Shall worship kneeling only God the True;

Behold thy banner waving! In its view

A sin 'gainst freedom is the worst of crimes!

## TO THE RESCUE.

YEA, send thy succor quickly ! Far too long,  
With heart unheeding and with palsied hands,  
Great Freedom's First-born slow and slothful  
stands,  
While armed legions 'round her neighbor throng ;  
Force striving after murder, fierce and strong,  
Poises the dripping dagger ; thus commands  
Obeisance unto despots, and his brands  
Make desolate the Ocean's Pearl with wrong !

And what though tyrants bluster ? In thy youth,  
O, land of life's best longings, they cursed thee,  
And thou didst fear not ! Drive the wolves uncouth  
Back to their darkness, till the western sea  
Rolls fetterless ! Unsheathe thy sword for Truth,  
And swear, God willing, Cuba shall be free !

MISCELLANEOUS.



## AT EASTERTIDE.

O VER hill and over dale,  
Over mountain, over vale,  
Hear, oh, hear  
All the music sweet and clear  
From the horns of Easter blowing,  
Like a river flooded flowing  
Over meadows far and near !  
Wheresoe'er the echoes drift,  
How the sleeping blossoms lift  
In a resurrection swift  
From the horrid graves they knew  
When the winds of winter blew !  
How the joyous, jocund throats  
Of the happy birds  
Open wide and fling  
Outward, up, a song that floats  
Sweeter far than human words,  
Full of tender, laughing notes,  
Where they soar and sing !  
'T is a time, tender time,  
Full of rich and royal rhyme,  
Ever full of happy song and glee  
And the mighty magic sunny of angelic melody.

Gabriel sounds his trumpet wide ;  
'T is the joyous Eastertide !  
Yester eve the world was dead  
    In the cold embrace of night ;  
    Morning brought the life and light,  
    And the shadows quickly fled,  
And the brooding shadows far away have fled.

Over prairie, over wood,  
Over all the solitude,  
    See, oh, see  
    All the buds and blossoms wee,  
How they come with rapture leaping  
From the heavy shadows sleeping  
    Where the storms of winter be !  
When the Spring, the angel, calls  
With creative voice that falls  
Through the dark and dismal halls  
    Where they hidden lie asleep,  
    Suddenly they live and leap !  
How their tender beauty thrills  
    With its gentle grace  
    All the darkened earth,  
All the rivers, all the rills,  
With a tenderness that fills  
    Every solitary place  
    With a newer birth !  
    Oh, the Spring, laughing Spring !  
    Ever full of joys that bring  
    To the wooded valley and the plain  
Gorgeous glories full of spendor that shall ever-  
    more remain !



Gabriel blows his music wide ;  
'T is the joyous Eastertide !  
Yester eve the earth was lone  
    In the winter time of wrong ;  
    Morning came with light and song,  
    And the sorrows fast have flown,  
**And** the heavy sorrows far away have flown !

Let the longings rule and reign  
Over heart and over brain !  
    Glad and gay  
    Are the songs that sound alway,  
That in chorus warble tender  
From a thousand throats of splendor  
    All the bright and happy day.  
Robin, lark, and linnet sing,  
Wren and bluebird music bring,  
Borne on swift and joyous wing  
    From the sunny homes afar  
    Where the balmy breezes are.  
How their carols roll and rise  
    As they scatter wide  
    All their treasured glees,  
Sweet as songs of Paradise  
Underneath elysian skies,  
    Till the plain and mountain-side  
    Reel with melodies !  
    Oh, the days, perfect days,  
    When we walk in holy ways,  
And the pleasant paths wherein we go  
**Heaven's** gentle benedictions and earth's purest  
    pleasures know !

Gabriel blows with pomp and pride ;  
'T is the joyous Eastertide !  
Yester eve the earth was sad,  
    And her hills and valleys bare ;  
    Morning clothed her sweet and fair,  
And she trips a maiden glad,  
Trips a maiden blest with beauty, who is most  
    divinely clad !

Let the life be glad and gay,—  
'T is the resurrection day !  
    Gabriel calls  
    From their ghost-enchanted halls  
Every warble choice and choral,  
Every blossom fond and floral,  
    And the sweetest music falls !  
As the flowers of beauty leap  
From their cradles dark and deep,  
Let thy soul in rapture sweep  
    Through the aisles of glory long  
    On the wings of psalm and song !  
Joyous be thou in the glee  
    Of the flowers that bloom,  
    Of the birds that sing,  
Till enchanted melody  
Fills the race with revelry,  
And no shade or shadowed gloom  
    Dwells within the spring !  
    Time of cheer, soothing cheer !  
    When millennial days are near,

Pleasures hurry onward like a flood,  
And the erring ones are angels, angels that are  
great and good.



Gabriel calls our souls away,—  
'T is the resurrection day !  
Yester eve with droop and sigh  
Life was all despairing fears ;  
Morning wipes away our tears  
In the golden Bye and Bye,  
In the dreamed-of, in the sought-for, in the  
longed-for Bye and Bye !

# THE OLD RANGE ROAD.

○ RANGE Road wide and wonderful, that  
paths of heaven made  
Through all the olden, golden ways where childish  
fancies played,  
Every inch of all your gladness is so eloquent to-day  
Of all we told each other in the years that went  
away !—  
So eloquent of joyousness, my heart is like a prayer,  
And I would fold and fondly hold and keep you  
always there !  
  
We had delightful dearnesses of rapture, you and I,  
When living, in the Long Ago, the laughing Bye and  
Bye,  
When every mortal passing us was angel good and  
wise,

That wandered out of heaven's gates and back to  
Paradise,  
And all the worlds so wonderful came with them  
one and all,  
And stayed with us and played with us,—but left us  
mean and small !

And how we hoped to follow them some happy day  
to come,—  
Those glory-dreams of conquering, of might and  
masterdom !  
We 'd march across the continent, we 'd sail across  
the sea,  
And take whatever pleased us to sceptre you and  
me ;  
And all the wealth and wonder, the palace and the  
throne,  
We 'd confiscate and capture and make them all our  
own !

And over you and unto me men walked miraculous,  
And brought the stranger countries directly home  
to us ;  
Oh, how we listened,—you and I,—to all the tales  
they told  
Of Indians and of pirates, of cocoanuts and  
gold ;  
And how, through all the after-dreams that haunted  
night and day,  
Their anecdotes looked in again and glorified the  
way !

There was the sailor who had gone across the seas  
of calm,  
And, castaway, had lived awhile amid the isles of  
palm ;  
Who sported with the cannibals and taught them so  
complete  
They learned at last that mission-men are never  
good to eat ;  
But finally a ship hailed he, and coming to his  
home,  
Found wife and children all were dead,—which  
made him love to roam !

There was the soldier who had been his country's  
stay and shield  
At Winchester and Gettysburg when carnage swept  
the field ;  
Who marched with Sherman to the sea and tri-  
umphed o'er the foe,  
But left a leg and arm behind because of fighting  
so ;  
And as he fought and marched away and told his  
tales again  
The hearts of us were strangely moved to do the  
deeds of men.

And then that little fellow ! the thin, dyspeptic  
one,  
Who sat and told his stories till night was nearly  
done !

He lived in big Chicago, was rich as heart's desire,  
And had a wife and little ones, before the awful  
fire ;

But it burned up his family and all he had of worth,  
Which sent him forth a wanderer all up and down  
the earth.

The juggler and the showman, too, who made their  
livings thus,

The tinman and the ragman came, and all dis-  
coursed to us ;

The Irish-linen peddler, the man who soldered tins,  
Who told us all their stories of all their outs and  
ins ;

And there were scores of others whose doings large  
and vast

Inspired to do as they did, when childhood should  
be passed !

And so our hearts were opened, old Range Road,  
yours and mine,

To all earth's dismal shadow and all its golden  
shine ;

And those that went along you went over me and  
through,

And beckoned me to follow them and prove their  
tales to you ;

And so we looked with longing through happy  
cycles when

I'd wander full of wonder down the mighty years  
of men.

And here I am and here you are, old Comrade,  
much the same  
As when I left you long ago to climb the hills of  
fame ;  
I meet you and I greet you, and call you all my  
own  
Beyond the years of vagrancy my truant feet have  
known ;  
And in your eyes and face and hands I feel as not  
before  
A perfectness of tenderness they never knew of  
yore.

The stories that they brought were true ; the won-  
ders that they told  
Revealed the world of men and things and all they  
have and hold ;  
But after all my wanderings through all that men  
may do  
I'm weary of their heartlessness and hasten home  
to you ;  
And 'spite of all that 's happened since, the days we  
used to know  
Sing in my soul forevermore the songs of long ago !

There ! Let me take your hand in mine and feel  
your friendly face,  
And lay us heart to heart again in childhood's warm  
embrace !

We are not old or broken down ; we both are young  
as when  
I left the vales of childhood for the rugged hills of  
men ;  
These hairs upon our foreheads are only white with  
truth,—  
These tears upon our eyelids are happy tears of  
youth !

We used to quarrel a little. You thought me reck-  
less quite ;  
I called you old and foggy and foolish day and  
night :  
And thus we bickered somewhat ; but after all  
we 've seen,  
We know each other better now with fifty years  
between ;  
For lives of work and wisdom hold never such sur-  
prise  
As gazes down the future through childhood's ten-  
der eyes.

Let us forgive each other ! Of all the good and true,  
I find you best and truest, and hold my heart to you ;  
I hold it close and closer, and let you clasp it there  
With something born of rapture between a praise  
and prayer ;  
And through the years unending, the years of good  
and ill,  
We 'll laugh and play together,—forever children  
still !



## THE NIGHT.

O the Night !  
    When the might  
    Of the boundless heavens bright  
Fills the hopes with satisfaction and the longings  
    with delight ;  
    When the roll  
    And the toll  
    Of Life's thunders lose control,  
And a wondrous diapason sounds the organs of the  
    soul ;  
    And a hymn  
    Faintly dim  
    Haunts the far horizon's rim,  
Like the lilt of angel music in the chants of  
    cherubim !

    In the still  
    Hours that fill  
    Fiendish fancies full of ill,  
To the innocent upwander all the wants of wish  
    and will ;  
    And the wide  
    Fields of pride  
Send their monarchs side by side

With the holy saints and martyrs that were crossed  
and crucified ;  
Till despair  
Weights the air  
With the moaning cries of care,  
And the world kneels by the Father in a sin-subdu-  
ing prayer !

In the weird,  
Wild, and feared  
Realms of silence, cherub-cheered,  
How we clasp in fond embraces all that time and  
toil endeared !  
How the strife  
Fiercely rife  
With the roll of drum and fife,  
Dies away in tender music of a more exalted life,  
And the small  
Leaps the wall  
Where the less and little fall,  
Till thyself is nothing, nothing, and thy God is All  
in All !

Then the tears  
Leave the years,  
And the foolish frights and fears  
List to whispers high and holy heard alone by  
prophet's ears ;  
And the cry,  
Sob, and sigh

Leave the stricken soul for aye,  
 As he wanders in the wonders of the blessed Bye  
     and Bye ;  
     And the woe  
     Demons know  
 In the dungeons dark below  
 Never shades the dreams he cherished in the happy  
     Long Ago !

How the gay  
     Raptures play,  
 As our ships that sailed away,  
 All are anchored safe at harbor in the waters of the  
     bay !  
     As the trust  
     Of the just  
 Soars above the dew and dust  
 Till the "may" of faith and fancy overcomes the  
     might of "must" ;  
     And Love drips  
     Pain's eclipse  
 From the Saviour's finger-tips,  
 And the world is wed to Heaven in the Lord's  
     Apocalypse !

O the Night !  
     When the might  
     Of the boundless heavens bright  
 Fills our hopes with satisfaction and our longings  
     with delight ;

When the roll  
And the toll  
Of Life's thunders lose control,  
And a wondrous diapason sounds the organs of the  
soul ;  
And a hymn  
Faintly dim  
Haunts the far horizon's rim,  
Like the lilt of angel music in the chants of  
cherubim !

"O MY HEART, BE BRAVE AGAIN!"

O my heart,  
Be brave again !  
Bear thy part  
A man of men !  
These dark things of awe and error  
Swift shall vanish with their terror,  
And the fears that frighten so  
Down the dying years shall go,  
Till the days rejoice resplendent with the hopes that  
sweetly shine  
Through the vistas of the future and its Edens  
that are thine !

What if ways  
Seem rough with wrong  
Through the days  
Of sigh and song ?

Thou shalt clasp the hearts that love thee,  
 Thou shalt climb the hills above thee,  
     Thou shalt reach the land that seems  
     All the heaven of thy dreams,  
 And a glorifying whisper shall exalt thy deepest  
     care  
 To the blessed benediction of a cherub's perfect  
     prayer.

Drive thy fears  
     And doubts away !  
 Down the years  
     Are pleasures gay ;  
 These distressing clouds of sadness  
 Only veil the suns of gladness ;  
     These unholy weeds of woe  
     Only hide the blooms below ;  
 And the sun shall lift the blossoms till their ten-  
     derness shall stream  
 Through the laughter of thy longing and the dear-  
     ness of thy dream !

Bear the blows  
     That fortune gives !  
 Sorrow knows  
     Each one that lives.  
 Be a man that bravely faces  
 All his failures and disgraces ;  
     Be a man that struggles strong,—  
     Arm of might and soul of song !

Till the sceptres of the raptures thrust thy fierce  
 detractors down,  
 And the world's ignoble shouters tremble at thy  
 robe and crown !

Joys for thee  
 Shall crowding come  
 In that free  
 Millennium,  
 And the woes that weeping vex thee  
 Never, never shall perplex thee !  
 For the years of Bye and Bye  
 Shall with rapture sanctify  
 All the weary ways we wander through the crags of  
 blight and blame  
 To the high and holy hilltops in the glory-lands of  
 fame !

#### CREEDS.

TALK not to me  
 Of stern decree,—  
 Of creeds that bind their betters ;  
 There is no grace  
 In things that place  
 The human soul in fetters !

Wake not the fear,  
 Start not the tear,  
 That speaks of wondrous terror ;

Man's heart is gold,  
Its worth untold,  
In spite of all his error.

No more rehearse  
The priestly curse,  
The ban for unbelieving ;  
No more condemn  
The souls of them  
That over guilt are grieving.

The haughty soul  
Who claims control  
Because of vestments holy,  
Has never felt  
The good that dwelt  
In Christ, the meek and lowly !

In hands that feed,  
In hearts that bleed,  
Truth sees her greatest teacher.  
Far more than all  
The bans that fall  
From lips of priest or preacher.

For lives that lift  
The souls adrift,  
The hosts of hate are yearning ;  
To such as know  
Their grief and woe,  
The sons of men are turning.

There is no creed  
Like human need  
To teach the grace of giving ;  
There is no prayer  
Like tender care  
To teach the love of living !

The bended knee,  
It seems to me,  
Is not with service gifted ;  
No blessings rise  
From folded eyes  
Unless the heart 's uplifted !

Destroy the chains  
That bind the brains !  
'T is what we are that saves us ;  
No mere belief  
Can conquer grief  
And all the hate that braves us.

Tear up the creeds !  
'T is worthy deeds,  
From hands and hearts out-given,  
Shall put to rout  
Man's dark and doubt,  
And lead him up to heaven !



## THE CONQUEROR.

THE man who has found  
All the dreams that he knew,  
Feels the deeds he can do !  
    There is power over pain,  
    There is charm for the chain,  
In the hopes he has crowned  
    With the garlands of gain ;  
And a giant he stands  
In the mystical might of his heart and his hands !

The longings that leap  
From the lips, uncontrolled,  
Are the masters of gold,  
    Of the fagots and thrones,  
    Of the stars and the stones,  
That the multitudes keep ;  
And they beckon and bring  
All the glories and gifts of the pauper and king.

With hope in thy heart  
And with love in thy life,  
What is struggle or strife ?  
    Not a taunt nor a tear,  
    Not a failure nor fear,  
Not a pang nor a smart,  
    Shall envenom thee here,  
    Shall environ the soul  
That has yielded to love and its happy control.

What matters it, then,  
    Though the black of the blast  
    On thy pathway be cast?  
        In the truth of thy trust,  
        In the might of thy "must,"  
Thou shalt monarch the men  
    With their dreams in the dust,  
    And the stars of thy love  
Shall arise in the sky as the stars rise above.

Who harvests the sheaves  
    Of the grain that he sought,  
    Follows ever his thought  
        Through its throb and its thrill,  
        Through its wonder and will,  
And the truth he believes  
    Through the errors of ill ;  
    And he conquers at last,—  
O'er the future supreme through the might of his  
    past !

O Life that is long  
    On the grief-laden slopes,  
    Be thou true to thy hopes !  
        All the dear of thy dreams,  
        All the thrill of their themes,  
Shall assemble in song,  
    By the joy-giving streams ;  
    And the deeds of thy hands  
Shall ennoble the races through all of the lands !

## IMMORTAL.

THE life that is lived  
Never dies from the world !  
On the height of the hills,  
On the rush of the rills,  
Over achings and ills,  
Are its banners unfurled ;  
And it struggles and strives  
Through uncountable lives,  
Till it conquering rolls  
Through the darks and the deeps of unceasable  
souls !

The life that is lived  
Has a wonderful power !  
On the mountains of might,  
On the narrows of night,  
On the black and the bright,  
Are its turret and tower ;  
Its commands have a place  
In the realms of the race,  
And it rules through the years  
All the nations of laughter and peoples of tears.

The life that is lived  
Has unmeasured extent !

Through the present and past,  
Through the vague and the vast,  
From the first to the last,  
    Is it centred and sent ;  
For its miracles reach  
Over silence and speech,  
Till its boundary springs  
O'er the outermost edge of unendable things !

The life that is lived,—  
    What a masterful thing !  
How it soars in man's thought,  
In the truths he has taught,  
In the deeds he has wrought,  
    Like a bird on the wing !  
'T is an unsetting sun  
Endless journeys to run,  
And its blessings so hurled  
That a life which is lived never dies from the world !

## MIND.

N O master mine ! Eternal king  
    Of Cosmos and of Chaos, I  
    The awful arts of time defy,  
And all diseases death may bring ;  
Creation wheels her wondrous ways  
    Through starry circles vague and vast,  
    And age on ages hurries past,  
To me as swiftly as the days.

Before dim Reason thought, I was ;  
    Before the first beginnings, I  
    Was monarch of the Whence and Why,  
The How and Where, the primal Cause ;  
Before the dreams of Time and Space,  
    I ruled the empires of To Be ;  
    Extent was measureless for me,  
Eternity my dwelling-place !

The great, eternal, mighty Force,  
    I reign, I rule, command, compel ;  
    In me is Paradise and Hell,  
And 'round me Nature wheels her course ;  
All happiness and Truth I find,  
    All Sorrows at my motion fall ;  
    The Cause, the Source, the End of all,  
Enduring, wondrous, deathless Mind !

An atom of myself, a thing,  
    I planted in a lump of clay ;  
    It grew to greatness in a day,  
And called itself a man, a king ;  
It caught the lightning, chained the storm,  
    It felled the woods, and walked the waves,  
    Explored the skies, dug earth's dim caves,  
And sought to know my Face and Form.

Toward me he toils ; his golden age  
    Is in the future, not the past,  
    For I alone am great at last  
In vacant fool or sapient sage ;

And upward, onward, shall he strive,  
This atom mine that walks the earth,  
Despising all his humble birth  
And seeking me to learn, and live.

From farthest brain to farthest brain,  
While suns and stars and systems grow,  
The sovereign One above, below,  
I live, I leap, I rule, I reign ;  
The monarch of all things that are,  
Of all that is and is to be,  
My sceptre leaps with forces free  
From sun to sun and star to star !

#### DREAMER AND SINGER.

THE world laughed long at his pensive face  
And the wistful gaze of his tender eyes,  
But he knew the glint of a wondrous grace  
And the perfect pleasures of Paradise ;  
And the scenes he saw were so fair and bright  
That the wise men longed for the fond array ;  
For an angel dreamed in his heart by night,  
And a little bird sang in his soul by day.

The words of his mouth made a music sweet  
That rippled and rang with the notes of glee,  
And sad hosts echoed the strains replete  
With all of their rhythmical rhapsody ;

And he sang a song, till they knew his might,  
 Till they kissed his feet on the public way ;  
 For an angel dreamed in his heart by night,  
 And a little bird sang in his soul by day.

His years were happy with joys divine,  
 And his longings lived in a far-off land ;  
 And sweeter than drops of the sweetest wine  
 Were the hopes he only could understand ;  
 And all the hours of his days were light,  
 And all the loves of his life were gay ;  
 For an angel dreamed in his heart by night,  
 And a little bird sang in his soul by day.

There are gifts divine that are more than great,  
 And prouder than sceptres that monarchs wear ;  
 And what to him were the pomp of state  
 And the tinselled splendor that glittered there ?  
 The sorrows and troubles from him took flight,  
 And the tears at his coming fled far away ;  
 For an angel dreamed in his heart by night,  
 And a little bird sang in his soul by day.

What mattered it, then, if a ragged coat  
 And a broken cap were the garbs he wore ?  
 That crusts were his food ? For he sang the note  
 Of a tender song, and he wept no more !  
 And we know, we know, that his love was bright,  
 That his life was the roll of a roundelay ;  
 For an angel dreamed in his heart by night,  
 And a little bird sang in his soul by day.

And he is greater than czars and kings !  
     The world may praise them awhile in fear,  
 But wreathes its laurels for him who sings  
     And soothes the anguish of toil and tear ;  
 And he is enthroned on Love's far height  
     While kingdoms crumble and crowns decay ;  
 For an angel dreams in his heart by night,  
     And a little bird sings in his soul by day !

### THE ROSES.

WHAT do the roses know  
     Of the noon and the night ?  
 What of the dark through which they grow  
     Up to the life and light ?  
 Above are the stars and the dew,  
     Below are the soil and the sod ;  
 How it happened they never knew,  
     But they sprang from stone and clod !

What do the roses know  
     Of the shriek and the song ?  
 What of the breeze that blesses so,  
     What of the gale that is strong ?  
 Above are the skies of the bright,  
     Below are the seas of the shade,  
 And full of beauty by day and night  
     Do their hot cheeks flush and fade.



What do the roses know  
 Of the dreams that they dream ?  
 What of the fancies that spring and flow  
 Forth in a bountiful stream ?  
 They bud and they blossom and die,  
 They wither and shrivel and fade ;  
 Does all they were in the ashes lie  
 Where the petals low are laid ?

What do the roses know  
 Of the dead or the dust ?  
 What of a life where they shall blow  
 Glad as the garlands of trust ?  
 Do they at the touch of the hand  
 With rapture astart and athrill,  
 Feel joys their hearts cannot understand  
 That are strong as wish and will ?

What do the roses know ?  
 We are all of the truth !  
 Life that is red in their hearts aglow,—  
 Is life of my life, in sooth !  
 The dreams they dream in the dew  
 Are dreams that I cannot control,—  
 These hopes of mine are the hopes that grew  
 In the depths of a rose's soul !

What do the roses know ?  
 They are peers of the wise ;  
 Ever they struggle from earth below,  
 Ever they long for the skies !

They prize the dreams of a darling hope,  
     As much as the children of men,  
 And here and there on a sunny slope  
     I shall meet them all again !

GREED.

WHEREVER the man upturns the soil,  
     Wherever he sows the seed,  
 There dwells a monster that mocks his toil,  
     And the monster's name is Greed !  
 And year by year, as men garner in  
     The harvest they reap in pain,  
 The monster sits by the bursting bin,  
     And he feasts on the golden grain.

There is never a home in the world so wide  
     That is far from his haunts away ;  
 If he shuns the palace with all its pride,  
     Yet he enters the hut to stay ;  
 And where the race in its sorrow strives  
     On the barren heath or hill,  
 He claims his armies of human lives  
     And his legions of human will.

He gathers the rose from the rounded cheek  
     And the red from the rare young lip,  
 And the strongest arm in the world is weak  
     At the touch of his finger-tip ;

And the happy song is a mournful wail,  
And the laugh is a shriek of fright ;  
For the world grows fierce and is thin and pale  
In the awe of his appetite.

Then Sin with her bitter herbs of grief,  
And Vice with her potions wild,  
With ready promise of long relief  
Win woman and man and child !  
For what is Virtue when want is near,  
And what is the fairest fame ?  
They are all undone at the doom they hear  
In the shriek of the monster's name !

It 's Oh, for the tears that are nightly shed  
When he cometh to claim his own !  
And Oh, for the curses that heap his head  
Where the millions of men make moan !  
It 's Oh, for the children that helpless cry,  
For the women that wail and weep,  
A-faint for the crust that his hands deny  
And the crumb that his fingers keep !

Then ho, for the hero with shining shield  
And a spear like the lance of God,  
To whose hard blow shall the monster yield,  
And the curse of the toiler's sod !  
A thousand ages of glory stay  
For the Knight of the Noble Deed,  
For the strong, brave heart who shall come and slay  
The monster of human Greed !

## PLAYING HORSE.

UP and down the pathway lined  
With sweet grasses intertwined,  
Where the orchard's bud and bloom  
Fill the air with fond perfume,  
Rides a hero brave and bold  
As the fabled knights of old,  
On a charger that he deems  
Wondrous as his wondrous dreams !

Firm he sits the reins to clasp  
More securely in his grasp ;  
Swift the spurs descending clank  
Deeply in the tender flank ;  
Cruel swings the savage whip,  
Pliant to his finger-tip,  
And his charger gallops gay  
'Round the wonder world away !

Forth he journeys fast and far  
Where the gnomes and fairies are,  
And he gladly enters in  
Lands where happy dreams begin !  
Lingers he a little while  
Where the pleasures bow and smile ;

Then away around the ring !  
'T is the land where Fun is king !

Oh, the happy birds that throng  
All the ways he hastes along,  
And the gorgeous flowers that blow  
Over every land below !  
And each little boy, with curls  
Dear and dainty as a girl's,  
Stands with playthings waiting for  
Every little visitor !

Tired, he ceases from his quest !  
Horse and rider both may rest !  
Now the steed that galloped gay  
Munches at the brambled hay ;  
But the rider, never still,  
Restless in his wish and will,  
Dreams a greater dream and then  
Calls himself a man of men !

Ah, my little dreamer, we  
All are dreams in some degree,  
And we learn as on we go  
Dreams are dearest things we know !  
Blest if over blooming meads  
We may ride our gallant steeds,  
Till, life ended, o'er the hill  
Forth we venture dreaming still !

A GLAD PLAYFELLOW.

THERE 'S a happy little fellow  
I am sure you 'd like to meet,  
For his ways are all so pleasant  
And his manners are so sweet ;  
And his greetings are so hearty,  
And his words so joyous, too,  
That I know you 'd run to meet him  
If he 'd show his face to you.

There was never yet a person  
Ever looked into his face,  
Ever touched his rosy fingers,  
Ever saw his joyous grace,—  
That would want to be without him,  
That would leave him far or say  
He is not the best playfellow  
That has ever come his way.

Oh, his hair is glad and golden,  
And his eyes are brightly blue,  
And his features are as handsome  
As the fairies ever knew ;  
And his lips are happy ever  
In the music that he sings,

For he finds the perfect pleasures  
In the most imperfect things.

He is most accommodating,  
For whate'er your age and size  
He can make the things about you  
Always pleasant, if he tries ;  
And whatever wish you cherish  
He will make your fortune fit,  
Till you clap your hands delighted  
At the gladsomeness of it !

It is true that you may miss him  
As you wander down the years,  
But you 're pretty sure to find him  
In among the toils and tears ;  
For in unexpected places  
Where you never thought to see,  
He is oftenest appearing  
With his happy face of glee.

But I know if you should meet him  
You will find him quite so fair  
That your heart can ne'er forget him,  
But will follow everywhere ;  
It will follow him forever  
Through the worlds below, above,  
For his dwelling-place is Pleasure ;  
And his name ?—his name is Love !

## THE ON-MARCH.

L O, Progress is no swift release from error,  
    No sudden sun that banishes the night ;  
Through weary cycles, Man, the burden-bearer,  
    Gropes in the dark and struggles toward the  
        light.

'T is not in death-throes where the battle rages,  
    And nations heap the winrows of their slain,  
That Freedom leaps across the darkened ages,  
    And Truth unchains the bondmen of the plain.

And from the fields where armies meet despoiling,  
    No love-born carols hush the cries of wrong ;  
But, through the yearning years with anguish toiling,  
    Man makes himself the instrument of song.

Lo, where the tireless thinker works and wonders,  
    Where Man and God in fellowship unite,  
There leaps the Thought to majesty that thunders  
    Through endless ages with unceasing might !

Some seer, enraptured at his dreams of duty,  
    In grave speech frames a precept or a law,  
And years long after mankind lives in beauty  
    The gorgeous glories that the prophet saw !



Some teacher from his closet tells the nations  
 The words of Truth, the Deeds that men should  
 do ;

And they through sorrows and deep tribulations  
 Toil fiercely on to prove his lessons true !

Man's Mind is greater than his brawn or bullet ;  
 His Thought far vaster than his Labor stands ;  
 Men's hopes are higher than the world, and rule it,—  
 'Their hearts are stronger than their helpless  
 hands !

Development unwearied outward courses  
 Through deepest darkness with unresting tides ;  
 Brain-throbs and heart-beats are the deathless  
 forces  
 That lead us, lift us, where the day abides.

Still up and onward, up and forward, surges  
 The toiling race, near-drawing to the goal,  
 While Truth with whips of righteous anger urges  
 The craven fool to prove a Master Soul.

Quote not the past ! Its regal courts were rabble,  
 A puny herd of worse than worthless things ;  
 The world moves upward from their childish bab-  
 ble,—  
 The tireless toilers are the only kings !

Yea, Man himself, the fruit of long endeavor,  
 Grows from the smallness of his ancient youth,  
 And shall, at last perfected, stand forever  
 An angel shaped and fashioned to the Truth !

## THE DREAMER.

HE dreamed a dream ; and far his hopes  
Went roaming o'er the mountain slopes ;  
They climbed the summits coldly tall,  
They crossed the high horizon's wall,  
And lingered where the morning star  
Illumined royal realms afar ;—  
Men shook their heads : " He is unfit  
For life," they said. What mattered it ?  
He dreamed a dream.

He dreamed a dream ; and in his soul  
He heard mysterious music roll ;  
He saw sweet visions weirdly rise  
Before the longings of his eyes,  
And knew the good of Man eclipse  
The joys of God's Apocalypse ;—  
They said : " He has nor wish nor will " ;  
He heeded not ; what matter still ?  
He dreamed a dream !

He walked the ways in rags that felt  
The horrid homes in which he dwelt ;  
And now and then in lonely days  
He sang some simple roundelays,

Until the hungry, hardened throngs  
 Knew something of his tender songs ;—  
 “ On foolish things his heart is set,”  
 The thousands said. No matter yet !  
 He dreamed a dream !

And lo, he lost his dream, and died,  
 To find it on the other side !  
 And o’er his coffin bent a few  
 With hearts of grief and eyes of dew,  
 Till they a vision saw, and sought  
 The music that he tamed and taught ;  
 And year by year a grateful throng  
 Bows low to bless the Man of Song  
 Who dreamed a dream.

Ah, life is more than tears or toil,  
 Its wages more than sin or soil,  
 And from its holy hands are shed  
 Diviner gifts than blows or bread ;  
 Who dreams a dream is greater far  
 Than crowds and crowns and kingdoms are,  
 And stars and skies and systems roll  
 To palm and praise the mystic soul  
 That dreams a dream !

## THE STARS.

STARS and the seas of the night !  
Stars and the deeps of the dawn !  
And the dim of the dusk is athrob with the light  
For the ships that are sailing on !  
What if the hurricanes blow ?  
What of the billow and blast ?  
The harbor waits, and the sailors know  
They shall anchor in port at last.

Life and the power of its pain ;  
Life and the doom of its death ;  
And the ghastly ghosts of the wandering slain  
With their foul and pestilent breath !  
What if it sicken and fall ?  
What if it wither and die ?  
It only goes to the All in All  
In the worlds of the Bye and Bye.

Love and the joys of its trust ;  
Love and the gold of its gain ;  
And the agonies fierce when its blossoms are dust  
And its raptures have perished in pain !  
What if it wander and weep ?  
What if it murmur and moan ?  
The heart of the Master is never asleep,  
And the lover shall come to his own.

Man and the might of his hope ;  
Man and the curse of his care ;  
And the footsteps that falter and fingers that grope  
In the dim and the dusk of despair !  
What if he stumble and fail ?  
What if he perish, in sooth ?  
The lights are above him ; at last he shall scale  
All the hills of the true and the Truth !

Stars and the seas of the night !  
Stars and the deeps of the dawn !  
And the dim of the dusk is athrob with the light  
For the ships that are sailing on !  
What if the hurricanes blow ?  
What of the billow and blast ?  
The harbor waits, and the sailors know  
They shall anchor in port at last !

## THE LITTLE BOY'S HAIR.

HIS mother and I cut the little boy's hair !  
Hair that grew where the years begin,  
Bright and sunny and fondly fair  
As the baby dreams it was tangled in !  
And tears came into our eyes that day,—  
Tears for the baby that left us then,—  
For oh, we knew when he went away  
He never would come to our home again !

His mother and I cut the little boy's hair !  
Twisted curls that the fairies made,  
Hung by his brows in the breezes where  
The blessed feet of the children played !  
It woven was with the fancies true,  
The hopes that ever with childhood dwell,  
And held the joys that our baby knew,  
The low, sweet laughter he loved so well !

His mother and I cut the little boy's hair !  
Faces grave with a grief sublime,  
Eyes so guilty they would not dare  
To look aloft as we did the crime !  
Our hands upgathered the golden glow,  
They clutched the glories miraculous !  
What vandals we ! But he could not know  
The deep emotions that mastered us !

His mother and I cut the little boy's hair !  
"You," we whispered, "are now a man !"  
Mourning deep in our hearts the rare  
Sweet grace that grew where the years began !  
And all that day there were tears that shone  
Within the lids of our tender eyes,  
And soft we wept to ourselves alone  
Where none could enter and sympathize.

His mother and I cut the little boy's hair !  
Life is longer than children know ;  
Day by day there is more of care  
Than heaped the hearts of the Long Ago !

For these are the curls that we cut off then,  
 As dear as the boy with his dreams of Good,  
 Who laid them by for the toils of men,  
 In the long-lost years of his babyhood !

THE LITTLE DEAD BABY.

THERE 'S a little dead baby just over the way,  
 For a little white ribbon hangs down by the  
     door,  
 And the house that was happy with music and play  
     Is encompassed with gloom and rejoices no more ;  
 And the shutters are closed and the curtains are  
     drawn,  
 And the bird by the window is songless to-day ;  
 For the bright of the blossoms went out at the  
     dawn  
 With the little dead baby just over the way.

There 's a little dead baby just over the way,  
 And a little white coffin all hidden from view ;  
 And a poor little mother kneels lowly to pray  
     By the beautiful face of the baby she knew ;  
 But the Lord of her soul with a gladness unguessed  
     To her heart gives a joy that shall anguish allay ;  
 And her faith lives as pure as the blooms on the  
     breast  
 Of the little dead baby just over the way.

There 's a little dead baby just over the way,  
 And a desolate look never noticed before ;

And the children are silent, and tearfully say,  
 "The baby won't laugh at our pranks any more !"  
 And the old people walk with a sorrowful tread  
 As the tears of regret down the faded cheeks  
     stray,  
 For they worshipped each hair on the bright curly  
     head  
 Of the little dead baby just over the way.

There's a little dead baby just over the way,  
 And the hushes of awestricken silences throng  
 Through the jest of the crowd and the merriment gay  
 With the rapture and revel of laughter and song ;  
 And the world bows its head with a sorrowful face  
 Where the stars of compassion their glories array,  
 While the angels come down full of love to the  
     place  
 Of the little dead baby just over the way.

Oh, the little dead baby just over the way !  
 There's a Presence that clothes it with dearness  
     divine ;  
 And I feel in my heart the omnipotent sway  
 Of the grief I should know if that baby were  
     mine !  
 And I mourn with the mourning, and ask from  
     above  
 That the Father will comfort when sorrows dis-  
     may,  
 While my soul is a fountain that flows full of love  
 For the little dead baby just over the way !



## RENUNCIATION.

KISS me, love, before you leave me !  
Here the cherished hope shall end ;  
I shall bravely, though it grieve me,  
Lose the lover in the friend !  
Forward where your longings lift you !  
Nay, I 'll never bar the way !  
May the joyous breezes drift you  
To the harbor lights of day !

Kiss me, love, before you leave me !  
To your heart once fold me fast !  
Though the future may deceive me,  
I shall treasure still the past !  
What shall matter wintry weather ?  
Memory is deathless youth ;  
We shall tread the years together,  
Down the dewy slopes of truth !

Kiss me, love, before you leave me !  
These poor tears of mine are naught,  
Yet this parting shall bereave me  
Of the dearest things I thought ;  
But nor will nor wish may falter !  
Shall the wooed be less than wife ?  
Here I lay upon the altar  
All the longings of my life !

Kiss me, love, before you leave me !  
     These are only foolish themes !  
 May the price I pay achieve me  
     Crowns for all your hopes and dreams ;  
 But remember what was given :  
     One sad woman slew her love,  
 Faced her fate, and left her heaven,—  
     You shall gain the heights above !

Kiss me, love, before you leave me !  
     Here the cherished hope shall end ;  
 I shall bravely, though it grieve me,  
     Lose the lover in the friend !  
 Forward where your longings lift you !  
     Nay, I 'll never bar the way !  
 May the joyous breezes drift you  
     To the harbor lights of day !

“ THERE, MY HEART, BE STILL A  
                     MINUTE.”

THERE, my heart, be still a minute ;  
     Don't you worry so !  
 There 's a song if we begin it  
     Everywhere we go !  
 What if days of happy boy-time  
     Never come again ?  
 We shall find the perfect joy-time  
     Down the ways of men !

When the darkest hours are over,  
Morn with fingers bright  
Shall the sweetest blooms discover,  
Grown within the night ;  
Never ruin, but entwined it  
Vines of sympathy ;  
Never cloud, but stars behind it  
Lit the tender sky !

Yours and mine is friendship stronger  
Than the world receives ;  
You and I are comrades longer  
Than the world believes ;  
You rejoice in all my gladness,  
Every laugh I know ;  
Let me banish all your sadness,—  
Don't you worry so !

Let your lips forget to quiver ;  
Brush the tears away !  
Never hour but was a giver  
Of the glad and gay !  
What 's the use of getting gloomy,  
When the skies are blue ?  
All the meadow lands are bloomy  
For the likes of you !

There, my heart, be still a minute ;  
Don't you worry so !  
There 's a song if we begin it  
Everywhere we go !

What if days of happy boy-time  
     Never come again ?  
 We shall find the perfect joy-time  
     Down the ways of men !

A RAMBLE.

WE wandered with fond feet beyond the town  
     And all the stifled streets of dust and  
         smoke,  
 Until we rested in the country fields.

It was a place where angels might have walked :  
 A rounded vale of solitude and song,  
 That weary souls of longing fondly dream  
 When fainting with the fevers of their toil  
 And bending with the burdens of the years.  
 Green slopes of summer grasses, kindly wreathed  
 With speckled lawns of clovers red and white,  
 Spread their soft carpets on the bounding earth  
 Where playful sheep and lowing cattle grazed.  
 An infant stream with limpid waters low  
 Crept slowly through the mossy margins wide,  
 And singing kissed the pebbles with kind lips  
 That lingered on the ripples. Far above,  
 The ancient, gabled mill with throbbing wheels  
 Beat sombre music from the careless waves.  
 A brooding elm hung over, in whose shade  
 The sultry hours of sleepy silence wane,  
 And all the heart's dear yearnings are at rest.

Birds in the scattered trees companionless  
Heaped lullabies upon the tender air,  
While wide-winged swallows touched the water's  
    breast

And twittered in their merry ecstasies.  
Some lonely quail with cheerful whistle called  
His absent comrade from the bearded field.  
While over all the arching sky of blue  
In rapture caught the valley in its arms  
And smoothed the tiny wrinkles from its brow.

And there we two, the friends of other years  
When life was in the distance of our dreams,  
Lay on the grasses all that summer day  
And talked again of joys we used to know,  
Of longings crushed and tender hopes that died,  
And years that fled as dreams go down the night ;  
Till shadows brought the dewy breath of eve  
And twilight drove us from the lovely scene,  
With such fond pleasures ringing in our hearts  
As cheered our bosoms in the times of yore,  
When boyhood looked beyond his foolish ways  
And dreamed of glory in the years to be.

## UNFORGETTING.

FORGET thee, dearest? Till the tide  
    Forgets the orb that lifts the sea,  
My heart shall leap with naught beside  
    Abiding thoughts of thee,—of thee !

Until the rose forgets the dew  
     That cools and feeds with fine control,  
 My soul shall know, as once it knew,  
     The raptures of a kindred soul.

Till longing sleeps and love is dead  
     And darkness falls and griefs destroy,  
 My heart shall treasure all we said  
     And hold our happy hopes of joy.

Through all the days I wander where  
     Thy presence makes a Paradise ;  
 Through all the nights I slumber there  
     Beneath the heavens of thine eyes.

Though suns should leap across our ways  
     And starry systems intervene,  
 My soul would break each bond that stays,  
     And scale the heights that rise between.

What if a thousand worlds upheave ?  
     The lover's heart will find his own,  
 And, though a storm-tossed absence grieve,  
     He clasps her, and is not alone.

Each moment I caress thy face,  
     Each moment feel thy hands in mine,  
 Each moment in thy close embrace  
     I thrill with kisses thrice divine.

And all the hours from dark to dawn,  
And all from dawn to dark, I see  
Thy darling face, and wander on  
Enchanted paths that lead to thee.

Nay, dear, think not I can forget ;  
The days may hasten o'er the hill,  
The nights may come with darkness, yet  
My heart shall hold thee,—hold thee still !

## THE MINOR CHORD.

A sweet bird sings  
In prison shadows where the griefs are sorest,  
And gladly rings  
The wondrous music of his native forest ;  
But all his songs  
Breathe evermore some minor strain of sadness,  
And through them throngs  
No more the old free melody of gladness ;  
For something sobs and sighs  
In every song he tries.  
His lay seems quite the sweetest ever heard,  
But oh, the bird, the bird !

A singer sings,  
Far from the days of childhood glad and golden,  
Fantastic things  
The angels taught him in the cycles olden ;  
But anguish dwells

In every strain his throbbing bosom utters,  
     And sorrow swells  
 In every note that from him falls and flutters ;  
     In every song he knows  
     Sob life's unceasing woes.  
 They say his harmonies forever linger ;  
     But oh, the sad, sad singer !

    There are no songs  
 Praiseworthy save the singer's heart has known  
     them ;  
     Their truth belongs  
 Alone and only to the lives that own them !  
     In every note  
 Of touching tenderness that overmasters,  
     Divinely float  
 The voiceless anthems of unnamed disasters,—  
     In every perfect strain,  
     Some hope that died in pain !  
 Do they forget, who crown the ones that bring them,  
     The prices paid to sing them ?

#### IN THE NIGHT.

OH, the stillness and the sweetness of the night !  
     How the soul arousing rises from the  
     mysteries of dreams,  
 Ere the beautifying brightness of the morning's  
     purple light  
     Through the golden vales of glory like a flooded  
     river streams !



## In the Night.

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Then the hand of some glad angel with a tender  
touch unbars  
All the fairy fields of fancy with unfading blooms  
bedight,  
And we wander there as happy as the twinkles of  
the stars,  
In the stillness and the sweetness of the night.

In the stillness and the sweetness of the night  
Comes a holier inspiration than the days can ever  
know,  
And seraphic shapes of shadow in their glory-  
garments white  
Summon memories of music from the lyric Long  
Ago ;  
Oh, the gates of heaven open, and the happy hosts  
of joy  
Soothe the heart away from sorrow with their  
melodies of might,  
Till the years are young forever and the old man is  
a boy,  
In the stillness and the sweetness of the night !

In the stillness and the sweetness of the night  
Faintly sound the witching murmurs of a thou-  
sand eerie things  
From the thrilling throats of darkness on the forest-  
haloed height  
And the leaping lips of laughter where the rest-  
less river sings ;

Oh, the voices of the ages God's prophetic lessons  
teach

To the heavy heart that hungers for the rhapsodies  
of right,

And the secrets of the silence lisp their hopes in  
happy speech,

In the stillness and the sweetness of the night !

In the stillness and the sweetness of the night,

Oh, the soul breaks out of prison in a glorified  
release

From the fetters of its weakness and the bondage  
of its blight,

To the blessed benedictions and the plenitudes  
of peace !

And on wings of joyous rapture, far among the  
great and good,

How it soars with love and longing to its ancient  
palace bright,

And beholds cherubic wonders only known and  
understood

In the stillness and the sweetness of the night !

## SAVE THE BOYS.

SAVE the boys ; they make the treasures !

Vain is all thy strain and striving,  
Worthless all thy narrow measures  
Made to further thrift and thriving.  
Souls are priceless ; of thy brother,  
Of his sons, thou art the keeper ;  
Save the boys ; endeavors other  
Are unworthier and cheaper.

Save the boys ; they make the nations !  
Haste the marches up and onward ;  
Banish all the fierce temptations  
From the paths we travel downward ;  
Laws can break each galling fetter ;  
Love can lift from shame and scorning ,  
Save the boys ; and purer, better  
Men shall reach the Gates of Morning.

Save the boys ; they make the future !  
Hearts and lives and hopes are pleading  
For the death of sins that nurture  
Curse and crime for hosts succeeding ;  
Millions low in prayer are craving  
Good which fills the earth with leaven ;  
Save the boys ; and in their saving,  
Save the human race for heaven !

Save the boys ; they make the ages !  
Conquer Vice with Virtue's rigor ;

Battle brutishness like sages ;  
 Swing the scythe of Truth with vigor.  
 Duty, now ! Be coward never !  
 Time shall tell thy fame in story ;  
 Save the boys ; the Great Forever  
 Looks to thee and them for glory !

TAKE IT EASY !

TAKE it easy ! What 's the use  
 Of your haste and hurry ?  
 Life can offer no excuse  
 For the waste of worry ;  
 When you get to mixing things  
 Hope becomes a bubble,  
 For there 's never heart that sings  
 O'er the tears of trouble.

Take it easy ! He that frets  
 Never knows the pleasures,  
 And the richest poorest gets  
 In love's golden treasures ;  
 If to sadness you are cold,  
 She from you will sever ;  
 Treat her kindly, and the old  
 Jade will stay forever !

Take it easy ! Life 's a crown,—  
 Like a monarch wear it ;  
 If a burden weight it down,  
 Happy be and bear it !

Drink the nectars from the skies,  
Which the gods bequeath you !  
And in rapture you shall rise  
Leaving earth beneath you !

Flowers of beauty bloom and bless  
All the ways you wander,  
And the songs of blessedness  
Chime from over yonder.  
Don't get blue ! The world is bright,  
Beautiful, and breezy ;  
Life is but one long delight  
If,—you take it easy !

MY LOVE.

I CRIED with a cry to my love ;  
And my soul with a jubilant thrill  
Strode over the oceans between her and me,  
And over the mountains of ill ;  
But never an answer arose from her lips,  
And never a joyous reply  
Came out of the distance and tenderly hushed  
The terrible sob of the cry.

I prayed with a prayer to my love ;  
And high on the wings of its hope  
My heart hurried far through the valleys of time  
And over eternity's slope ;  
But she uttered no word where the silences lay  
To banish my yearning despair,

And lost in the seas where the surges are vast  
 Were the throbs of my desperate prayer.

I sang with a song to my love,  
 Under the stars and the night,  
 And the feet of my song o'er the ways of the world  
 Sped swift in their longings for light ;  
 And when she drew near in the purples of dawn,  
 It seemed I had known her so long,—  
 This heart of my heart and this soul of my soul  
 That heeded my summons of song !

Not the terror of cry, not the pathos of prayer,  
 Did she hear in the silences wide,  
 But she hastened away at the carols of song  
 With her jubilant feet to my side ;  
 I know not, I know not, the land or the sea,  
 The mountain or stream she had known ;  
 I know not the path that she came,—but I know  
 That she came, and is only my own !

#### A HEALTH.

YOUR health as you leave us !  
 We know what you think,—  
 Yes, that is man's Babel,—  
 No wonder you shrink !  
 'T is right to be happy ?  
 Aye, truly, I hold,  
 And life has more in it  
 Than laurels and gold.

Then up with life's cup,—  
Here 's a bumper to gladden !  
May the sorrows that dance  
On the highways of chance  
Never gather so near as to sadden ;  
Wherever you linger, wherever you stray,  
May roses and lilies entangle your way !

It is joy that I wish you,  
Unclouded by care ;  
It is crowning of purpose,  
Fulfilling of prayer ;  
It is all that you hope for  
And all that you deem  
The love of your longing,  
The dear of your dream !

Then up with life's cup !  
There is wine in the chalice !  
Let us rouse us a laugh  
As we cheerily quaff  
Like a thirsty old king in his palace.  
Your health, your good health ! 'T is enough  
for your worry  
To capture the pleasures as onward you hurry.

## LONELINESS.

DEAD she is, and the glowing embers  
Fancy fired in the olden days  
All are ashes, and life remembers  
Few, indeed, of her words and ways.

It was eve and the year was vernal,  
     Soft the breeze, and the sky was fair,—  
 Hearts are hungry and love eternal,—  
     Oh, the tints of her face and hair !

Slow we walked with our happy faces  
     Down the deeps of the darkened gloom,  
 And our souls in their love-embraces  
     Wedded there in the orchard bloom.

It was nothing ! A hand-clasp only,  
     Just a kiss in the shadows low ;  
 But my heart when she went was lonely,  
     And I wept in my sorrow so.

It was nothing ! But from me never  
     Lifts the touch of her tender lips ;  
 Through my veins there will romp forever  
     Thrills that fell from her finger-tips !

It was nothing ! We parted,—parted,—  
     Ne'er to meet in the world again ;  
 She with love of the good glad-hearted,  
     I so sad with the griefs of men.

Dead she is, and she lies out yonder  
     Cold as the gravestones are and white ;  
 But forever our souls shall wander  
     Hand in hand through the fields of light !



IN MEMORY OF EUGENE FIELD.

(Died Nov. 4, 1895.)

WELL, bear the empty cage away ;  
Our lips with wondrous woes are white ;  
The bird that warbled all the day  
Has left us lonely in the night.

He sang of fields and orchard blooms,  
And groves that gave delightful shade ;  
Of perfect flowers whose fond perfumes  
Fell where delighted children played.

The raptures of the homely joys  
Romped in his tender roundelays,  
And fun and frolic like a boy's  
Beside him wandered all his ways.

Glad children paused from play to hear  
The pipes melodious that he blew,  
And Age with happy step drew near  
To know forgotten dreams anew.

His music waked the smiles that leap  
From joyous deeps of angel eyes,  
And held the hopes that happy creep  
From hearts as pure as Paradise.

The race has lost a fondest friend,  
 The children one that laughed with them,  
 The countless hosts in sorrow blend  
 Their sobs to sound his requiem.

Yes, bear the empty cage away !  
 Our lips with wondrous woes are white ;  
 The bird that warbled all the day  
 Has left us lonely in the night.

#### A SUPPLIANT.

O GOD ! When Dreams of Good are dead,  
 And buried low they lie,—  
 When Hope is gone and Love is fled,—  
 Then let me die !

The heart may sing o'er faded flowers,  
 Beside the bursting leaf ;  
 But tears unceasing sob the hours  
 Of Winter's grief.

The soul with lofty courage weds  
 Where mountains meet the sun,  
 But where the prairie's level spreads  
 It sinks undone.

The night with all its wail and woe,  
 Bleak winds and bitter skies,  
 Forgets the darkness if it know  
 The morn shall rise.

Life undismayed can feel the thorn  
 And walk the plains by night,  
 If blossom, mountain-side, and morn  
 Be still in sight.

When dreams of better things are dead,  
 And buried low they lie,—  
 When Hope is gone and Love is fled,—  
 Then let me die !

MOTHERHOOD.

MOTHERHOOD ! Motherhood !  
 More than any brotherhood,  
 More than any other hood  
 Underneath the skies ;  
 Let me sing a song to you,  
 Glad and true and strong to you,  
 Till the stars belong to you,  
 Earth and Paradise !

More than glees and gratitudes  
 Are your sweet beatitudes,  
 Born in Heaven's latitudes,  
 Where the joys abide ;  
 Angel hearts that treasure you  
 Ever come to pleasure you,  
 Bringing gifts that measure you  
 With the glorified.

Then a happy song to you  
 While the joys belong to you

And no shade of wrong to you  
     Floods the days with tears !  
 Motherhood ! Motherhood !  
 More than any brotherhood,  
 More than any other hood,  
     Laughing through the years !

### THE COMMONPLACES.

AH, the childish commonplaces ! Like the old  
     familiar faces,  
     How they peep forever outward from the skies of  
     Long Ago,  
 And their rhapsodies of laughter follow fondly on  
     and after  
     All the winding ways of glory that our fairest  
     fancies know !

Oh, the happy commonplaces ! How remembrance  
     interlaces  
     In the sombre soul of shadow all the shine it  
     ever knew,  
 Till the yearning years of sorrow from their blessed  
     brothers borrow  
     All the raptures that with magic throw a halo  
     over you !

And the joyous commonplaces ! How their music  
     madly races  
     Through the heart and soul aweary, and the joys  
     abiding brings ;

For from out the gates of golden, from the cycles  
 bright and olden,  
 Comes the angel of Jehovah with the cherubim  
 and sings !

And the careless commonplaces ! Full of laugh-  
 ter's gladdest graces,  
 How the murmurs of their voices fall across the  
 ways we go,  
 And the carols they are singing, rich and royal  
 chorus bringing,  
 Soothe the bruises of the battle and the weary  
 wounds of woe !

Oh, from you I cannot sever ! And forever and  
 forever  
 I shall drink your magic music, gaze upon your  
 forms divine,  
 Till again with glad embraces we shall meet, O  
 Commonplaces,  
 And shall wander on unwearied where the stars  
 of heaven shine !

### JOY ABIDES.

THE Troubles are feathers that flee  
 O'er Pleasure's unchangeable sea,  
 The bubbles that darken the wave,  
 The brambles that tangle the wild ;  
 But Hope is a blossom that gladdens the grave,  
 And Life is the laugh of a child.

The Sorrows that sadden us here  
 Like mists of the morn disappear ;  
 For Joy with her light and her love  
     Fills all of the world with her glees,  
 And mortals in ships that are launched from above  
     Sail over eternity's seas.

Then sing all the lullabies long  
 That Pleasure is crooning in song !  
 They silence the clatter and din  
     That echo where error has trod ;  
 If Hate be as old as the demons of sin,  
     Yet Love is enduring as God !

### THE HOURS.

WITH bandaged eyes beside the way I stood,  
     Where one by one in swift procession  
         passed  
 The muffled hours and tossed their gifts at me,—  
 Crowns, kingdoms, stars, and what they all contain.  
 They mocked my hands that beat the darkness  
     there,  
 Reclaimed their bounties, and with savage scorn  
 And taunts of bitterness went o'er the hills.  
 But all was not denied me ; as I clutched  
 In deep anxiety of groping hands,  
 I caught some ribbon, rose, or wisp of hair,  
 Some scree of song, some sentence of the heart,

Some child's fond plaything sanctified with love,  
But mourned for crowns my blindness could not  
gain.

And when my heart was weary with its years,  
Then Wisdom came and made mine eyes to see ;  
And lo, my trinkets were the keys of life,  
More precious than the stars for which I wept !

## UNDISMAYED.

AS long as the Spring with her blossoms  
Bends over the beautiful lea,—  
As long as the bird with its music  
Sings all of its carols for me,—  
My soul for its longings shall struggle,  
My Hope battle on with a will,  
Till the blossoms of Spring are all faded,—  
The bird and its music are still !

As long as the song of the singer  
Sounds over the valleys of earth,—  
As long as the lips of the lover  
Are red with the raptures of mirth,—  
My heart shall renew its endeavor,  
My life in its longing shall trust,  
Till the song of the singer is weary,  
And Love is a dream of the dust !

ALAS, MY OWN HARP !

ALAS, my own Harp ! In the shadows of night  
'Tis our fortune to sing all the numbers we  
know,

And murmur in darkness the songs of delight  
That shall soften our sadness and weaken our  
woe.

But cease not thy strains ! We forever will pour  
From the deeps of our days, full of yearning and  
youth,

Though Fame should encircle our brows never-  
more,

Sweet songs that are happy with honor and truth !

Let the strains of thy measures unceasingly flow,  
Though marred in their music by murmurs of  
mine ;

Should Glory ne'er crown them, 't will cheer thee to  
know

Love hath blest with her roses these carols of  
thine ;

Then sway the sweet strings ! Let the melodies  
move

With the raptures that never seem harsh or un-  
couth ;

Some heart full of longing shall listen and prove  
How great are the songs of thine honor and truth !



## FAITH.

LIKE a comet strange and wild,  
Through the trackless regions vast  
Reels the Soul from ages past,  
God's companion, Heaven's child ;  
Nothing tells it of the great  
Planets where it rolled and whirled ;  
Nothing knows it of the fate  
That has flung it on the world.  
Here it wanders dark or dim  
Till it creeps apart alone,  
Past the far horizon's rim  
Through eternities unknown ;  
But He brought it from the deep,—  
He will all its wanderings keep,  
And it never once shall move  
From His law or from His love !

## BENEATH THE PINES.

BENEATH the Pines on drowsy wings,  
My sleepy hammock sways and swings,  
While through half-open, half-shut eyes  
Creep lazily the far-off skies  
And all the world that sobs and sings.

From Music's feather-throated kings,  
A perfect chorus rising rings

And soothes me with its lullabies,  
Beneath the Pines.

O happy hours ! An angel brings  
Glad visions of divinest things,  
Where half asleep I hear the cries  
Of Nature's anthems gently rise,  
And dream of never-fading springs,  
Beneath the Pines !

#### IN LOTUS LAND.

**I**N Lotus Land the lazy beams  
Fall slothfully, the dawdling streams  
Creep sluggishly from hill to sea,  
And sweet oblivion sleepily  
The soul from toil and care redeems.

No guilt or guile of sinful themes,  
No glare of Passion's lurid gleams,  
Turns innocence to misery,  
In Lotus Land.

O Life, where love unsated seems,  
Where savage wrong triumphant teems,  
Where all unwelcome things that be  
Bring deathless tears and woes to thee,  
Forsake thy cares and clasp thy dreams  
In Lotus Land !

AN EPITAPH.

ABOVE the monumented dead  
I stooped and read :

“ This was a king !  
His empire was the latest :  
He ruled himself ! ”

Let minstrels come and sing !  
Let monarchs call him greatest !  
Not power nor pelf,  
Not glory gathered from an earthly thing,  
O man of might, can ever closely draw  
So vast a rebel to the rule of law !  
Thou wast a prince whose far dominions spread  
Before the living and beyond the dead !

LIFE'S TRINITY.

LIFE sinned in childhood, and with anguish sore  
Crept slowly outward through a hopeless way ;  
Sweet love and laughter joyed its lips no more ;  
The Sword of Flame barred Eden's Yesterday !

A Saviour comes from mangers of the Beast,  
With modest bearing, clothed in coarse array,  
Is without resting-place, esteemed the least,  
Thorn-crowned and crucified : He is To-day.

The tomb yields glories of God's endless power ;  
 Life knows guilt lost and hope bestowed again ;  
 The night fades out, and morning hour by hour  
 Opes wider still To-morrow's gates for men !

# FORSAKEN.

LOVE one day bade us both good-bye,—  
 The old, old Love that we knew so well !  
 Flushed with anger he could not quell,  
 He would not list to our lonely cry.

Oh the sorrow, the sob, and sigh !  
 The ghastly horror and hate of hell !  
 Love one day bade us both good-bye,—  
 The old, old Love that we knew so well !

Ah, we never may scale the sky  
 Where the darling dreams of our fancies dwell,  
 And we may never with rapture swell  
 Anthems caroled by hosts on high :  
 Love one day bade us both good-bye !

# BUD AND BLOOM.

O STREAMS that change to bud and bloom,  
 That bless the desert lands,  
 Your loving waters find their doom  
 Beneath the burning sands,  
 But worlds of green and grasses grow  
 Where'er your benedictions flow !

So may the currents of mine hours  
 Yield only gifts of love,  
 Till where they flow the fruits and flowers  
 Of gladness rise above :  
 What though the desert be their doom,  
 O streams that change to bud and bloom !

THE MUSICIAN.

SHE plays ; and from her finger-tips  
 Falls music little children know ;  
 She sings ; and from her happy lips  
 Leaps laughter of the Long Ago !

Ah, singer, there is that in thine  
 Which breathes a music half divine,  
 And leaping in thy strains there seems  
 The voice of long-forgotten dreams,  
 Till life forsakes the ways of men  
 And laughs a careless child again !

LOVE AND DEATH.

A SHAPELESS Form through shining ways  
 of light  
 Sped swiftly, far from Hate and Horror flown,  
 And where Love ruled the armed angels white  
 Dropt his dread spear and climbed the golden  
 throne.

“Hence, Monster,” Love commanded.    “Nay, not  
so,”

Death answered him ; “my brother, thou shalt  
share

Thy realms with me.”    And, sceptre-laden, lo,  
Transformed he stood, the fairest angel there !

## DEATH.

WHERE meet the Bounded and the Boundless  
Good,

A weary Soul that earth’s deep anguish knew,  
Faint in the falling shadows dimly stood  
And prayed the gates to let him enter through.

A thin, white Hand, scarce visible, with might  
Turned the vast hinges, and he walked alone  
From Man the Mote to God the Infinite,  
Comrade of Truth and heir of the Unknown.

## THE DEAD SINGER.

SWEET Music was his Church and Creed ;  
He knew her chimes and loved to ring them ;  
The Muses, his good friends, indeed,  
Taught him their songs and how to sing them !

Who doubts that he shall know beyond  
 His brothers all without endeavor,  
 And in their chorused anthems fond  
 His happy heart shall sing forever !

THE ANGELUS.

TWO peasants, homeward from the fields of toil,  
 Hear holy music in their hasty quest :  
 Their longings leave the sorrows of the soil,  
 And sweetly wander in the vales of rest.

Not theirs the Knowledge that is Guilt and Grief !  
 Not theirs the doubt that drives their God away !  
 Behold ! In trustfulness of fond Belief,  
 They bow their heads and lift their hearts to  
 pray !

BIRTH'S MIRACLE.

FROM God's great mountains in the vast Un-  
 known,  
 A halting soul moves helpless down the slopes ;  
 On Time's broad portals pauses, lost and lone,  
 And knocks for entrance into human hopes.

Then Love with fondest travail, in her soul  
 The awful anguish that his life shall know,  
 Clasps firm his fingers and with calm control  
 Leads him in terror to Man's ways of woe !

TWO PRAYERS.

“TEACH me to live, O Wisdom !” Thus in  
youth  
Prayed I, ere Yearning to Resolve had grown ;  
“Enwreathe my brows with garlands of the Truth,  
And lead my footsteps through the far Un-  
known !”

“Teach me to die, O Wisdom !” Thus in throes  
Of pain implored I, after life’s long quest ;  
“Lull my tired longings into sweet repose,  
And hide my soul in everlasting rest !”

AMBITION.

WHERE ’S your glory, fickle Fame ?  
Here ’s the service that I brought you ;  
Here ’s the worship ; can I claim  
Nothing for the deeds I wrought you ?

I ’m so weary ; toil ’s distressing ;  
Sick, I scout your foolish snares ;  
Yet I ’d rather have your blessing  
Than the crown a monarch wears !

LOVE.

WHO knows the life of the tree ?  
Who knows the life of the rose ?  
Who knows if the life that is moving me  
Is the life of the bud that blows ?



Whatever it be, I shall call it Love  
 That came to a world of woe,—  
 That came from the stars of the skies above  
 To live in the stars below !

THE POET.

MORE than the Prophet and the Priest,  
 Than Soldier, Sage, and King,  
 He brings to men through fast and feast  
 The truths that seraphs sing ;  
 He rules enthroned o'er Sword and Crown !  
 In God's Most Holy Place,  
 He calls His kindest blessings down,  
 And meets Him face to face !

THE MINSTREL'S POWER.

GLORY and power and place,  
 And the gifts they bring,  
 Yield to the gladness and grace  
 Of the hearts that sing,  
 Taught by the stars and the suns that rise  
 Music that murmurs of Paradise ;  
 For the minstrel knows  
 Truths that only to him uncloze.

LIFE.

TO all but wisdom and the wise,  
     Life is a beggar lean and old,  
 Who wears large hunger in his eyes  
     And shivers with the cruel cold.  
 But no ! She reigns a princess fair,  
 With cheery cheeks and happy hair,  
 With laughters leaping from her lips,  
 And joys upon her finger-tips !

TRADITION.

A GIANT, many-sided, old, and great,  
     Bestrode the highways where the nations  
         grobe,  
 Defied the sons of men with swords of hate,  
     And drove them backward from the hills of hope,  
 Till one insurgent rebel smote him sore ;  
 And lo, the Giant terrified no more !

THE CREATION OF ART.

A SHAPELESS Chaos void and lifeless lay  
     Before a dreamer in his mighty hour ;  
 He breathed his life between the lips of clay,  
     And all the empty arteries throbbed with power ;  
 Then, leaping at the Master mind's control,  
 It stood an angel with its maker's soul !

GOD'S CHILDREN.

GOD'S children, Time and Nature, build in sand  
 Man's wondrous empires full of wealth and  
 might,

Art's castles reared in playtime's warm delight,  
 But quickly scattered with unheeding hand ;  
 New races, nations, peoples,—what are they ?  
 Mere baubles fashioned in Creation's play !

IN A VOLUME OF POEMS.

STRANGER, pause where poet sings  
 Music of divinest things ;  
 For, angelic, pure, and fair,  
 Something of his life is there,—  
 Something of his heart and soul  
 Where the wondrous measures roll !

HERO AND SINGER.

TEN thousand swords in battle strove,  
 Ten thousand heroes felled their foes,  
 And Glory twines no wreaths above  
 Forgotten graves where they repose ;  
 One singer sang his toils and tears,  
 And lo, he lives through endless years !

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

THOUGH narrow, poor, and small,  
    To-day is infinite  
    With possibles of might ;  
To-morrow, vast and all  
    From Time's great shore to shore,  
    Is finite evermore.

THE DEAD SEER.

THROUGHOUT the solemn wonders of the  
    Night  
    And all the gorgeous glories of the Day,  
God's angels with the Wisdom of delight  
    Taught him the Truth and told him what to say ;  
Till Mercy called him from the valleys lone,  
And made him Master of the vast Unknown !

ONE SAYING.

ONE saying the centuries cherish  
    And treasure again and again :  
Live not in the books that perish,  
    But live in the lives of men ;  
For the books shall cease at the set of sun,  
But the lives of men,—they are never done !

## TO A SINGER I NEVER SAW.

**W**HAT though we wander life along  
 Through distant lands and gusty weather?  
 The finger-tips of tender song  
 Shall link our dreaming souls together,  
 And every note I sing shall be  
 Sweet echoes of a voice from thee!

## LIMITED.

**B**ETWEEN the oceans of the Night,  
 Life walks the narrow lands of Light;  
 And o'er the plains of thought and will  
 The rivers of existence flow;  
 Men sail the trailing streams, but know  
 How little of the seas they fill!

## TRUTH'S MIGHTINESS.

**T**HE sons of might that conquer here  
 Win vict'ries not with wild alarms;  
 Truth naked, stript of sword and spear,  
 Is greater than a world in arms!

## SELF-MADE.

**A** FAITHFUL soul among the swine-herds  
 wrought  
 With patient hands, nor dreamed of higher things;  
 But lo! At last the nations found him, taught  
 To sway the sceptres of a hundred kings!

THE DEAD WAIF.

A HELPLESS one, sin-summoned from the sky,  
A moment lingered in the ways of men ;  
Then God's fond mercy heard its lonely cry,  
And lo, He drew it to his heart again !

A PRAYER.

FILL up my heart, O Father, with relief  
While close I lean for comfort on Thy breast ;  
I, weary child, heart-broken with my grief,  
Creep in the dark and sob myself to rest !

DUTY.

DO thy best deed ! It is not lost  
Though hid from Glory's gorgeous light ;  
God's altar fires are just as bright  
When one soul worships, as a host !

IN DIALECT.





## THE FAITH CURE.

SPEAKIN' of religen now,  
I ain't posted much, en hain't  
Aney idee aneyhow

'Bout the way they make a saint  
From a sinnin' sort of man  
On the hallylooyer plan ;  
Howsumever, I admit  
It 's a good 'nuff thing to git,  
When a feller 's brimmin' full  
Of the kind thet 's practicull !

Now, fer instunce ! Thayre 's ole Bill  
Wimpler in the south of town ;  
Got religen fit to kill,

Hallylooyered up en down,  
En let off a young cyclone  
Down thayre on his prayin' bone,  
Clar in sight of heaven's throne,  
Sweepin' through the happy skies  
On a shout thet satisfies !  
Allus wuz a purty good

Easy-goin' feller through  
Thick en thin of things thet would  
Knock the end-gate outen you !  
Wuz a blacksmith, Bill wuz ; stout,  
Stouter, too, 'an all git out ;

Tall like ; en he wuz a man  
On the spider-legged plan ;  
Could jist hold a hoss, en drive  
Hoss-shoes on him, sakes alive !  
En when Bill grabbed holt the foot  
Of some mule, en said, " Whoa, brute ! "  
Makes no diff'runce whut a fool  
Once wuz thet-air plegged mule,  
He 'd jist bow his head, en lay  
His long ears back thataway,  
Tell ole Bill wuz plum clean through  
Drivin' on the last blame shoe !  
Mendin' plows en broke machines  
    Wuz his main holt, too ; fer he  
    Could with wires en tom-fool-ree,  
Fans en flops en shakes en screens,  
With contrapshuns, balls, en springs,  
Make the most awdashus things  
Run by steam er walked by hoss,  
Feller ever come across !

Uster loaf with him fer days,  
Meddertatin' on his ways,  
En a sort of fishin' through,  
    Jist to find out fer myse'f,  
Whayre his money cantered to,  
    En whut laid him on the shelf !

Wuzzent feared of work a bit !  
    I kin hear his big anvill,  
Seems to me, a-ringin' yit

'Fore the sun clumb up the hill ;  
Never stopped to eat a bite  
Tell the daytime quit fer night ;  
But fer all, I jist declare,  
Never had a cent to spare !  
Pore? Pore don't spell it ! Pore  
Ez a snake, en then some more !  
Allus crowded him to git  
Groc'ry bills paid up, en yit  
He made lots of money, jist  
Rollin' in, hand over fist !  
Dident drink ner gamble, ner  
Fool away his substance fer  
Aney bad, ferbidden things  
Made of vain imaginings ;  
But he some way couldent make  
Nothin' fer his pocket's sake,  
But it tumbled out agin  
Faster 'an he stuffed it in !

Now, us neighbors wundered some  
(Neighbors will, the best of um !),  
En we talked it kind of out,  
How it all had come about ;  
But not one knowed whut it wuz  
Thet wuz botherin' Bill en—us !  
But ole Bill one loafin' day,  
Suddent like, which wuz his way,  
Leaked the idee, I tell you,  
Whut it wuz, clean through en through,  
Circus, side-show, concert, too !

Sally,—thet 's his wife,—you see,  
One of them thayre womern wur,  
Thinks theyr sick ! How well she 'd be  
Somepin' 'ud be wrong with her,  
En thayre 's one dizzease she had,—  
Doctors comin'—mighty bad !  
So the same of course wuz took  
By the fam'bly pocket-book,  
Tell it wilted like, en wur  
Hunderd times ez sick ez her ;  
Fer she never seemed the wuss  
Of her fits so dangeruss,  
While it shrivelled up so thin  
Nary cent wuz hidin' in !

Sally wuz a leetle, short,  
Sawed-off woman,—jist thet sort ;  
Fat ? Like pippins in the fall  
When theyr hearts of meller mursh  
Dangle on the branches tall  
Waitin' fer the winds to squursh !  
When I 'd see her waddlin' by  
Swingin' arms both right en lef',—  
I 'm ashamed of it, but I  
Wushed she 'd fall en bust herse'f,  
En spill every orful bad  
Blame dizzease she thort she had !

Kep' a cubberd full of pills,—  
Patent med'cine git-ups fer

All new-fangled sorts of ills  
 No one ever had but her !  
 Ev'ry pad en poultice, too,  
 'Lectric things en strings en sich,  
 Warranted to pull her through  
 From newmowny to the itch,  
 Made no diff 'runce which wuz which ;  
 But each one 'ud, well or ill,  
 Make her sick en sicker still,  
 En jist keep her sick ; en she  
 Swallered all the theeory  
 Thet ole Naytcher's jist a school  
 Run fer some drug-mixin' fool,  
 En she put dependence in  
 Doctor bills en medicine !

I hain't no seerious dissent to  
 Doctors ; sometimes they will do,  
 En you like to have 'em come  
 'Twixt you en millennium,  
 En jist yank you, sick en sore,  
 From the happy, golden shore ;  
 But ef kep' about the place  
 All the time, they fall from grace.  
 When they git acquainted,—well,  
 Then they ruther lose theyr spell  
 Over me ; the plegged smell  
 Of theyr clothes en things about  
 Puts my stummick all to rout  
 Like the stuff they ladle out !

Sally, though, found much delight  
Keepin' doctors thayre in sight  
Clar from mornin' ontell night,  
En she swallered down theyr stuff  
Like she couldent git enough ;  
So she went on quite a spell  
Doct'rin' up en gittin' well,  
En relapsin' back agin  
Whayre she fust had started in !  
Never seemed to gain but she  
Lost it all, en 'en 'ud be  
Wuss 'n ever ; nuthin', though,  
Dang'russ like, fer all her show  
En her mopin' signs of woe ;  
But the neighbors' fokes, you know,  
Like they will, jist shook theyr heads,  
    Speckilatin' thet she 'd die  
Sure some day, en be ez dead 's  
    Mackerel dried up, by en by ;  
En they went en worried on  
    Whut 'ud Bill do in thet case  
With them childern when she 's gone  
    Yander to thet healthy place ;  
En some feller 'lowed with her  
    Jist removed, thet Bill 'ud shore  
    Do lots better 'an before,  
Whutsoever might occur ;  
En perdicted thet the town  
    Ez a health-reesort 'ud gain  
    Ef she 'd break life's brickle chain ;—  
Reppytation had run down

Orful low en fur en wide  
 'Cause of illnesses she tried ;—  
 En Jim Summers said he thort,  
 When she reached the heavenly port,  
 It quite doubtful ef she wur  
 Happy in them mansions fur  
 Without somepin ailin' her !

Wull, one summer, when she got  
 Sort of risin' in her head,  
 Bile er somepin, like as not,  
 En wuz railly sick, they said,  
 She jist had a rousin' spell !  
 Kep' Bill dancin' day en night  
 Puttin' hot things on her, tell  
 Blistered so she wuz a sight ;  
 Had a high-jinks time ; jist walked,  
 Wrung her hands, en cried en cried,  
 Yelled en bellered out, en talked  
 Days en nights of suicide !  
 En we thort, the way she tore,  
 Thet she 'd kick the bucket shore !

In the neighborhood thayre stayed  
 Ole Miss Watkins,—an ole maid  
 Er grass-widder,—don't know which ;  
 But the fokes said she wuz rich,  
 En on thet account could do  
 Aneything she wanted to  
 Without people talkin' ; she

In religen, too, you see,  
Differed from the rest of us  
In her faith rediculuss !  
She believed with nary doubt  
Sickness allus comes about  
From our meanness croppin' out,  
En good people sich as her  
Never sick ner porely wur !  
I remember when she took  
    With newmowny onct, en lay  
    Fer a week or two, they say,  
With a all-fired scarey look,  
Tell her feechers sot ;—thet 's why  
Ever'body said she 'd die ;  
But she said she wuzzent sick,—  
    Jist a leetle tired wuz all,—  
    En stuck to it ! Wouldent call  
    Aney doctor in, ner do  
    Things thet people hurry to,  
When they trump Death's leadin' trick ;  
Womern bawled aroun' a spell,  
En she jawed 'em like, ontell  
All at onct she got up well !  
En the womern wuz thet mad,—  
    Said they shorely knowed she wur  
Jist pretendin' thet she had  
    Some dizzease a-holt of her !  
En went on so over it  
Some won't reckernize her yit,  
Er speak to her hearty loud  
When they meet her in a crowd !



Now, when Sally got thet bile  
In her head, Miss Watkins come  
With her sort of dusty smile,  
Runnin' resk of martyrdom ;  
Tolt her ef she 'd jist believe  
Nuthin' ailt her, she 'd receive  
Lovin' faith, thet comes en brings  
Health en healin' in its wings,  
En so forth ; en Sally she,  
So deestracted with the pain,  
Kind of took it in, you see,  
En she axt her to remain  
En to tell her out en out  
Things she never heerd about !

Now, thayre wuz thet very day  
Feller at Miss Watkins home  
Thort like she did ; en he come  
Down to Wimpler's right away,  
Bein 's Sally done invite  
Him to cure her bile up right ;  
Wuz from some place,—don't know whayre,—  
Wichita, er som'ers thayre :  
Wuz a priest,—er teacher,—er  
Somepin womern hanker fer ;  
He jist talked to Sally good,  
Rubbed her head and prayed with her,  
Tell the whole blame neighborhood  
Called him looney en clean gone,  
Tryin' his fool doctern on  
Thet thayre woman ailin' so,—

Sich a hopeless case, you know !  
Fer we knowed, through thin en thick  
Sally's trade wuz bein' sick,  
En we thort she 'd work it some  
Spite of faith en Christendom !

Wull, sir, she jist swallowed down  
All he tolt her ; en her bile  
Busted in a leetle while  
Arter thet ; en all the town  
Laughed a lot, en people said  
She 'd got wuss things in her head  
'An her bile had ever been ;  
But ef she 'd git somepin in  
Thet 'ud do fer medicine,—  
Somepin thet wuz ruther cheap,—  
It might he'p her out a heap,  
En Bill's pocket-book 'ud git  
Full salvation outen it !

Ever see the mirth en might  
Of a happy proselyte ?  
Thet wuz Sally ! 'Tolt it quick  
She wuz done with bein' sick,—  
She had overcome the sin  
Thet had brought dizzeases in ;  
En she said, en so it seemed,  
Sickness wuz a thing she 'd dreamed,—  
Thet she wuz not sick afore,  
En she wouldent be no more ;  
So she throwed her bottles all,

Full en empty, pads en strings,  
Pills en plasters, wires en springs,  
Sich as purfic saints condemn,—  
In a basket in the hall ;  
En she toted the display  
To the garden right away,—  
Dug a hole en buried 'em !  
Said ez close to faith she 'd stick  
Ez she had at bein' sick !

Things went forrard purty fast,  
Soon as thet thayre bile wuz past ;  
Arter Sally got her fill  
En wuz cured of ev'ry ill,  
Her religen tackled Bill  
All to onct, en he give in,  
Sayin' he wuz sick of sin,—  
This wuz more 'an medicine !  
Bill wuz shorely happies' one  
Ever lived sence time begun  
When he got religen thayre  
Ez he knelt en tried a prayer ;  
Like enough he wuz assured  
Thet his pocket-book wuz cured,  
En the doctor-bills 'ud quit  
Grabbin' dollars outhen it,—  
En I hold it, at them rates,  
Cheapes' cure in seven States !

Saw Bill jist the other day ;  
He 's accumulatin' wealth

Sence they all learnt thataway  
How to keep theyrselves in health ;  
Bought a farm en paid the cash  
One year arter thet thayre bile  
En theyr sickness went to smash ;  
Wears a rich, contented smile,  
Drives a kerridge big en fine,  
En wears clothes ez good ez mine.  
Whut ef no one else concurs  
In thet faith of his en hers ?  
It is plain to all about  
Thet his pocket-book is stout,  
Healed ferever on thet day  
Sally found the faith-cure way !

Ez I said I say agin,  
Speakin' of religen now,  
Cure fer sickness en fer sin,—  
I ain't posted much, en hain't  
Aney idee aneyhow  
Whut is done to make a saint  
From a sinnin' sort of man  
On the hallylooyer plan ;  
But it 's shorely somepin fine  
When you git the genyouine  
Payin' kind, thet 's easy took  
En will he'p the pocket-book,—  
Fillin' all your longin's full  
Of the sort thet 's practicull,  
En jist eaches fer the spot,  
Like the kind thet Sally got !

## OLE JIM HANKINS.

OLE Jim Hankins,—you knowed him—

Beas'ly awk'erd, tall, en slim,  
Like the Lord had made him rough  
Outen secon'-handed stuff,  
En 'en seein' he 'd played hob  
Never finished up his job !  
Uster live 'way up the crick  
Whayre the woods en bresh is thick,  
In a leetle cabin throwed  
Over thayre along the road.  
Traded hosses all the time,

En he 'd work his jaws en spout  
Haff a day er more about  
Some ole hoss he thort sublime !  
Aw, you knowed him ! Blamedest one  
Ever lived sence time begun !  
Took the yaller janders some  
When the tradin' season come,  
En he yallered on en on  
Tell his ellerkence 'uz gone,  
En he couldent talk a bit ;  
Seems to me I see him yit  
Weepin' like his heart 'uz wrung,  
'Cause he couldent wag his tongue,  
Like a easy-run machine,

'Bout the hosses he had seen.  
Don't remember ! Wull, I swow !  
Why, I see the feller now !  
How he lived, ez some men do,—  
Ole hoss trader through en through,—  
En the people fer en wide  
Come to see him when he died !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
'Fore the janders tackled him !

Ganglin'-like en sort of slow,  
He a-hitchin' 'long 'ud go,  
Er he santered 'round en lit  
His ole pipe en puffed a bit :  
    Swallered smoke ontell it riz  
    Through thet peaked nose of his ;  
Hawked en hawked, en 'en he 'd spit,  
Tell he 'd wet en kind of spile,  
In his free en easy style,  
'Bout a front yard full of ground  
Thet wuz layin' thayre around ;  
Er he 'd take his yaller twist  
Of terbacker in his fist,  
En sock in his teeth, en pull  
Tell his mouth wuz brimmin' full ;  
Then he 'd work his nimble jaw  
Up en down acrost the chaw  
In his happy, keerless way,  
Fer the likes of haff a day !  
Uster be the bigges' fun,

Jist to set en watch him squirt  
 Juicy mouth-fulls at the dirt,  
 Like some long, infernal gun  
 Would its buzzin' bullets throw  
 At the breast-works of a foe ;  
 Whew, but he could spit it hard !  
 Hit a bull's-eye twenty yard,  
 En wuz never knowed to miss  
 When he squoze them lips of his !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
 'Fore the janders tackled him !

Uster dress the queeres', too !  
 Wore the bigges' size of shoe,—  
 Number ten er thayreabout,—  
 With his toes a-stickin' out ;  
 Said he 'd turned 'em out fer grass  
 With the horned, four-footed class !  
 Round-a-bout en overhalls

Kivered shins en sunken breast,  
 En his hick'ry shirt wuz best  
 To pertect him from the squalls,  
 Ragin' storms 'en winds thet blowed  
 On the wintry ways he knowed ;  
 En upon his head of hair,  
 Shaggy-like, he 'd allus wear  
 His ole cap of coon-skin hide  
 With the fur on outer side,  
 En the striped'st tail you 'd find  
 Stickin' proudly out behind,

Bobbin' up en down on high  
Like a banner in the sky !  
    Never had a gallus on,  
Ner a collar ner a tie ;  
    Said his natchurl way 'd be gone  
Ef he 'd wear them horrid things,—  
Frills en furbelows en strings,—  
Thet the han'some fellers git  
When they spark en spruce a bit ;  
En his whiskers long en rough  
Suited him jist good enough,  
Ef terbacker juice got in  
Ez it wundered down his chin !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
'Fore the janders tackled him !

Beat'nes' feller ever seen !  
Allus puzzled my machine  
How ole Hankins got so smart  
In the tradin'-hosses art.  
Fokes called him a kind of fool  
    Thet in manners couldnt shine,—  
    But in his peculeyer line  
He wuz born to run en rule ;  
Never had a word to say  
    When jist common things en sich,  
    Very pore er very rich,  
Come around his lonesome way ;  
    Never knowed jist which wuz which ;  
But when some new hoss wuz by,



Spread his mouth en let 'er fly !  
Whut he knowed about a hoss,  
    Hosses' ages, ways, en looks,  
    Would a-filled a dozen books  
No man ever come across !  
Never seen him downed er beat  
    When you took him in his line,  
    Fer a man had best resign  
When he tried to work a cheat  
On ole Hankins, 'bout the worth  
Of the hosses of the earth ;  
En regardin' his own trade  
He wuz allus thayre,—en stayed !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
'Fore the janders tackled him !

But he had a heart ez kind  
    Ez the womern folks, en wide  
    Ez the wants onsatisfied  
Thet upon our paths we find ;  
Nary kid in all the land  
    But a-shoutin' loud 'ud run  
Fer to grab him by the hand,  
    With a heart as full of fun  
Ez a—millon is of juice  
When a feller lets it loose !  
Sacks of candy en sich things  
    Fer which babies raise a row,—  
Tops en marvels, knives en strings,—  
    In his pockets wuz, somehow ;

People allus welcomed Jim  
To theyr homes en honored him,  
Like he wuz a king of might  
Thet wuz fetchin' 'em delight !  
None thayre wuz but he would do  
Level best to pull 'em through,  
En they allus praised en blest  
Whut he did, like all possest !  
Carried widder womern flour,  
Wood, en vittles, by the hour,  
En wuz like a daddy to  
Orphan kids the country through.  
Never saved his money, though, —  
Fellers like him don't, you know !  
Never keered fer pride er pelf  
Ner a copper fer hisself,  
But the best man happ'nin' round  
On the top side of the ground, —  
Give the last blame cent he had  
Jist to make some feller glad !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
'Fore the janders tackled him !

Led a sort of lonesome life,  
Ez some fokes remarked of Jim ;  
Never found the stripe of wife  
Thet 'ud jist agree with him ;  
Though the older settlers say  
Thet when he wuz but a boy  
Clean chuck-full of purfic joy,

He 'd a sweet heart glad en gay,  
 But she pined away en died,  
 Leavin' him onsatisfied,  
 En through all the seasons grum  
 His pore heart a vacuum !  
 No relations of his own,  
 Walked the ways thet he had known,—  
     Cows, ner pigs, ner other fokes ;  
 Fer he allus lived alone,  
     Chawed terbacker, told his jokes ;  
 Took things jist ez easy thayre  
 Ez he could most aney whayre,  
 Like a 'coon of highes' type  
 When the roas'in' ears is ripe !  
 His ole dawg en hoss wuz all  
     Thet he keered to have about,  
 En he kep' them in his call  
     Jist to sort of he'p him out  
 When he got to feelin' blue  
 En not knowin' whut to do !  
 But at feller-mortals he  
 Drawed the line, ez all could see,  
     Though he never harmed a man  
 Fer ez I have ever heerd,  
 En he never wuz afeerd  
 Of his shadder, ner could be ;  
     Fer he took the gospel plan,  
 En he made hisself as good  
 Ez he wushed his fellers would,—  
 Jist ez good ez good could be,  
 Ez he allus seemed to me !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
 'Fore the janders tackled him !

But when Jim got sick in bed,  
     En ole Death with floppin' wings  
 Hovered all around his head,  
     En the darkes' kinds of things  
 Come around whayre he wuz spread,—  
 Seemed to me the earth en sky  
 'Ud be blackened by en by !  
 Saddes' sight you ever seed,—  
 Raily made my ole heart bleed,—  
 When he rared up kind of weak  
 On his elbow, fer to speak,  
 En he said : " I never keer  
 How the Lord may treat me here,  
 But it strikes me ruther bad  
 En it makes me sort of sad,  
 'Cause I 've got to go away  
 Whayre the juice-harps allus play,  
 Whayre no hosses trot before,  
 En hoss-traders trade no more ;  
 But ef I could trade agin  
 'Fore I leave the trails of sin,  
 I could pass my checks, en know  
 Work wuz over here below ! "

Wull, sir, when he once got through,  
     All the people thayre jist cried,  
 Bellered out en blubbered, too,  
     Like the whole creation 'd died ;

But I—stepped—right up—to—Jim—  
 Knowin' whut he wanted most ;  
 Traded hosses thayre with him  
 'Fore his consciousness wuz lost  
 (Made ten dollars ; only time  
 Jim got euchered on a dime !),  
 En acrost the river he  
 Peaceful like en quietly  
 Waded through the woters deep,  
 Like a youngster gone to sleep !  
 En ef heaven is over thayre  
 Whayre them angel bein's air,  
 I 'm jist shore 't wuz made fer Jim  
 En all fellers good ez him !

Wush you could a-knowed ole Jim  
 'Fore the janders tackled him !

# THE BANKS OF TURKEY RUN.

LIKE a thousen birds of brightness from the isles  
 of summer seas,  
 Rickollections full of gladness come with songs en  
 lullabies,  
 En I listen to the carols thet with gentle voices roll  
 Full of tenderness en beauty down upon my weary  
 soul ;  
 Fer thayre 's one thet keeps a-singin' with a song  
 thet 's never done,  
 En I see the bendin' willers on the banks of 'Turkey  
 Run !

En agin I be a youngster with a youngster's foolin'  
 dreams,  
 With his highfalutin' notions en his fiddle-faddle  
 schemes  
 With the laughin' en the cryin', with the sorrer en  
 the joy,  
 Thet is jumbled up together in the bosom of a boy ;  
 En agin my airy fancies in a fairy loom air spun  
 Underneath the dancin' shadders on the banks of  
 Turkey Run.

En agin I be a school-boy with the other merry lads,  
 When Joe en Jerry, Bill en I wuz only leetle tads,—  
 When a half a dozen marvels en a kivered ball wuz  
 worth,  
 With a knife of Barlow pattern, all the treasures of  
 the earth ;  
 En the soundin' sort of thunder from a poppin'  
 kind of gun  
 Sot our faces all a-giggle on the banks of Turkey  
 Run.

It 'ud tickle aney feller jist to see the solemn look,  
 When the master wuz a-watchin', thet we fastened  
 on the book ;  
 But the mischief stickin' in us, like pertaters in a sack,  
 It wuz never hard to empty when the teacher  
 turned his back !  
 O, the paper wads we tumbled thet 'ud weigh about  
 a ton,  
 In thet crazy-cornered school-house on the banks  
 of Turkey Run !

How we uster chase the robins en the rabbits in  
the woods,  
How we gethered bloomin' posies in the sighin'  
solitudes !  
How we wundered all the medders in our roamin's  
o'er en o'er,  
How we teetered in the branches of the beech en  
sycamore !  
Er we watched the rompin' minners ez they rassled  
in theyr fun,  
While we nearly bust a-laughin', on the banks of  
Turkey Run !

How we uster go a-fishin', when the day wuz git-  
tin' late,  
With a bent pin fer a fish-hook en a fish-worm fer  
a bait !  
With a leetle line of cotton en a hazel fer a pole,  
How we sought the softes' places by the wides',  
deepest' hole !  
How we tee-hee-ed at the nibbles, caught the fishes  
one by one,  
With the bigges' kind of prowess, on the banks of  
Turkey Run !

When the sun wuz burnin' shavin's in the heatin'  
stove of June,  
En the clock upon the mantel wuz a-knockin' off  
the noon ;  
When the beams in bunches blistered as they never  
did afore,

En the sweat wuz drippin', droppin', from the  
 mouth of every pore,  
 How we skipped acrost the medders, how our swim-  
 min' wuz begun  
 In the cool en crystal waters 'tween the banks of  
 Turkey Run !

O, the smilin' days of childhood ! O, the loudly-  
 laughin' years !  
 When contentment brings the moments nary trace  
 of toils er tears !  
 When the pleasures jine the longin's en the fairy  
 fingers roll  
 All theyr heaps of angel music in upon the blazin'  
 soul !  
 O, my Joe, en Bill, en Jerry ! Trustin' comrades,  
 you wuz won  
 Whyre my bare feet brushed the grasses on the  
 banks of Turkey Run !

O, them airly ties air busted ! But I offen wait en  
 weep  
 Whyre the pleasures of my boyhood in theyr leetle  
 cradles sleep,  
 Rocked by angel hands of glory full of gladness  
 onexpressed,  
 Tell theyr eyes air soothed to slumber by the lul-  
 labies of rest ;  
 Yit I sometimes like to wake 'em, jist to see theyr  
 foolish fun,  
 Back through all the dismal shadows, to the banks  
 of Turkey Run !



En alas ! Thayre wuz another ! She wuz fairer  
 than the rest,  
 En she allus had a hearin' fer the wushes of my  
 breast,—  
 Allus wuz a chunk of sunshine en a piece of quiet  
 glee,  
 Allus had a smile of welcome en a tender word fer  
 me ;  
 En without her wuz no shinin', en of happiness  
 wuz none  
 Rompin' through them days of childhood on the  
 banks of Turkey Run.

O, her home wuz in a cottage whayre the mornin'-  
 glories hung,  
 En the airly birds of Aprile with theyr sweetes'  
 music sung !  
 Thayre wuz roses 'round her winder, thayre wuz  
 roses 'round her door,  
 Thet wuz stickin' full of blushes, but they seemed  
 to blush the more  
 When her eyes wuz seen a-peepin', en her cheeks  
 shone like the sun  
 From thet cozy leetle cottage on the banks of Tur-  
 key Run !

Many en many a time we wundered in the grassy  
 medder-land  
 With our wishes thayre together en our longin's  
 hand in hand ;

How we dreamed about the future, when the world  
     should give me fame,  
 En when she would be thrice noble to be worthy  
     of my name !

Thus we dreamed en thus we fancied ; others might  
     my boyhood shun,  
 But I found her kind, my sweetheart, on the banks  
     of Turkey Run !

But the times have been a-changin' sence them airly  
     years of joy

When she wuz jist a leetle girl en I a leetle boy,—  
 When Joe en Jerry, Bill en I, together wuz at play,  
 With our hearts ez light ez feathers every minute of  
     the day,

En at twilight sunk to slumber tell the mornin' wuz  
     begun

In the gloomy, silent forests on the banks of Turkey  
     Run !

Bill en Joe have gone a-rovin' on a fortune-huntin'  
     quest

Through the silver mines en Injuns in the mount-  
     ings of the West ;

But the janders come to Jerry with a solemn sort  
     of call,

Tell they painted him ez yaller ez a punkin in the  
     fall ;

En to-day I saw his tombstone ez it glittered in the  
     sun

Over in the leetle churchyard, on the banks of  
     Turkey Run !

En, alas, my precious sweetheart ! Like a posy-  
 blossom white  
 Did she slowly fade en wither, tell her spirit took its  
 flight !  
 Like an angel into heaven did she slowly, calmly  
 creep,  
 Tell her lovely life wuz over en her longin's went  
 to sleep ;  
 En the tollin', tollin' church-bells dropt the dirges  
 one by one  
 Ez we laid her by the willer on the banks of Turkey  
 Run !

Thayre a leetle cross of marble marks the silent,  
 sacred shade  
 Whayre the blossom en the beauty of my ole sweet-  
 heart is laid ;  
 En the summer has a sadness thet is cryin' through  
 the years,  
 En my heart is full of sorrer en my eyes air full of  
 tears ;  
 Fer I 've allus had a failin', sence her friendship  
 fust I won,  
 Fer thet lovin' leetle maiden, on the banks of  
 Turkey Run !

But them days air past ferever in the years of Long  
 Ago,  
 En a wishin' to be wealthy has enraptured Bill en  
 Joe ;  
 Death has taken Jerry ; only I, of all the boys,

Am remainin' to remember all them airly angel  
joys ;  
But to-night I see theyr faces ez they peep in full of  
fun,  
En agin we 're boys together, on the banks of  
Turkey Run !

## MORALIZIN'S.

THAYRE 'S nuthin' in the world thet 's haff  
So full of comfort as a laff,  
En nuthin' like a healthy grin  
To make a feller glad agin !

It ain't the weepin' sort of chap  
Thet goes a-groanin' when the crap  
Of wheat is provin' kind of small  
En corn gits frost-bit in the fall,  
Who never finds a thing amiss  
Er gits the bigges' hunks of bliss !

I uster know a feller-man  
Thet seemed to foller sich a plan ;  
Fer it wuz his besettin' pride  
To keep hisself onsatisfied,  
En nuthin' ever come en fit  
Eggsackly ez he wanted it.  
When purfic joys wuz standin' by,  
He 'd jist go off alone, en try  
To stuff the sweet en shinin' days  
With sorrers all contrairy ways ;

En when the times wuz purty tough,  
It seemed he couldent cry enough,  
But magnified his leetle keers,  
En wushed he wuz a bar'l of tears,  
Close by the sea, to tumble in  
En never find hisself agin !

He allus stuffed his place fer brains  
A-heapin' up with woes en pains,  
En had a pile of his own sense  
A-savin' up fer Providence ;  
Fer he had plannin's mighty nice,  
En could a-give the Lord advice  
About the way to hold the strings  
En git the purfic run of things !

But somehow fellers sich as him  
Have chances thet is kind of slim  
At findin' in these narrer years  
A han'kerchief fer all theyr tears ;  
Fer in the purty strains of song  
Thayre 's allus notes a-goin' wrong,  
En summer showers have allus growed  
A mud-hole in the smoothes' road.

'Cause somepin goes a leetle bad  
Hain't aney reason to be sad,  
For thayre is heerd a thousen songs  
To every dozen of our wrongs,  
En it makes trouble deeper yit  
To bawl en blubber over it !

A man had better laff en grin  
En fetch the pleasures back agin,  
When life is lookin' kind of black  
En loads git heavy on his back,  
Fer things air shore to have theyr way  
Whatever he kin do er say !

To gether up the joys thet bless  
These human days with happiness,  
En larn to take things ez they come,  
Has allus been the bigges' sum  
Thet ever made a mortal wet  
His throbbin' brain with hones' sweat ;  
It 's sort of strange, but yit our keers  
Git leetler with the passin' years,  
En rale old fokes air apt to find  
Theyr discontentments quite resigned ;  
Fer him thet knows the blessed art  
Of garnerin' pleasures in his heart,  
Gits happy, tell he thinks he must  
Jist sure en sartin go en bust,  
Too joyous fur to keep en hold  
The laffs none ever bought fer gold !

A feller mussent hope to find  
Things jest a'cordin' to his mind,  
Fer naytcher with her star en sun  
Wuz shorely made fer more 'an one,  
En number seven shoes won't suit  
The natcherl size of every foot,  
En whut 'll make a dozen glad,

Ez like ez not 'll make one sad ;  
But fer myse'f I calkilate  
Thet man is master of his fate ;  
En well I know fer man en boy  
This world is heapin' up with joy,  
En all we do to git enough  
Is, jist grab han'fuls of the stuff  
En cram our longin' bosoms full  
Of gladness irresistabull,  
Tell him thet laughs en grins the best  
Gits bigger blisses 'an the rest !

“'FORE WILLYUM WRIT A BOOK.”

'FORE Willyum Wilkins writ a book,  
We allus called him Bill, fer short,  
En hardly give a secon' look  
At him beyant the common sort ;  
Fer he wuz one of us, en we  
Jist never thort he 'd ever do  
Some big, oncommon thing, en be  
Renownin' all the country through.

I met him fust one rainy night  
When fast I rid my ole hoss Dick  
Kersplash to town with all my might,  
En brung the doctor purty quick ;  
En when we got back, in her lap  
My wife wuz holdin' him, by zook !  
A most onlikely leetle chap,—  
'Fore Willyum writ a book.

I knowed him when he uster be  
A leetle freckled cuss thet wur  
Same ez the boys belonged to me,—  
No purtier ner likelier ;  
With britches rolled up, fixed complete,  
En ole straw hat no pup 'ud hook,  
En big stone-bruises on his feet,—  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

But now he 's got a great big name,—  
Bill 's growed to Willyum mighty quick,  
En with the purty gal called Fame  
They say he 's gittin' orful thick ;  
But he ain't happier now instid,  
Than when fer city ways he shook  
The home thet smiles ez smile it did,  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

He wears a long-tail coat, en curls,  
En tall plug-hats, en spotted ties,  
Talks through his nose at painted girls  
Thet wear gold glasses on theyr eyes ;  
But I jist know his soul don't sing  
Ez glad en free ez when he took  
The cows to pasture in the spring,—  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

En some fool college 'way down East  
Has doctored him an LL.D.,  
En all sich fol-de-rol,—at least,  
Jake Johnson tells the same to me ;  
I s'pose he hardly knows the fokes  
He uster, 'fore us he forsook



To dawdle 'round with city blokes,—  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

They say them big bugs do him proud ;  
He hobbies with the good en great,  
En jist enthooses every crowd  
Comes out to hear him speckilate ;  
But somehow I can't picture him  
'Cept as a boy down by the brook,  
A-fishin' in the shadders dim,—  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

En should I meet him som'ers now,  
Ole times 'ud pore my bosom full  
Of them ole things, en on my brow  
Romp glories irresistabull ;  
With quiverin' lip en teary lid  
I 'd grab his hand with happy look,—  
Shout “Howdy, Bill !” as shout I did  
'Fore Willyum writ a book !

“WHEN THE ROAS'IN'-EARS IS PLENTY.”

TALK about the joys of winter ! Whut's the  
fun of foolin' round  
With the posies dead en buried, en the snows upon  
the ground ?  
When the wind's a-tossin' blizzards in a most dis-  
tressin' way  
Tell you have to set a-straddle of the fire-place all  
the day !

But I tell ye life's a-livin' when the summer grows  
     the grass  
 Over all the nooks en crannies whayre a feller's feet  
     kin pass,  
 En the whole world seems of heaven but a half for-  
     gotten type,  
 When the roas'in'-ears is plenty en the worter-  
     millons ripe !

Roas'in'-ears is best of eatin', though not very much  
     fer style,—  
 Shuck an armfull fer yer dinner, sot 'em on en let  
     'em bile ;  
 Salt 'em well, en smear some butter on the juicy  
     cobs ez sweet  
 Ez the lips of maple-sugar thet yer sweetheart has  
     to eat !  
 Talk about ole Mount Olympus en the stuff them  
     roosters spread  
 On theyr tables when they feasted,—nectar drink,  
     ambrosia bread !  
 Why, I tell ye, fellers, never would I swop the grub  
     I swipe  
 When the roas'in'-ears is plenty en the worter-mil-  
     lons ripe !

Near the sugar-camps of glory is the worter-millon  
     patch,  
 Like a great big nest of goodies thet is jist a-gone  
     to hatch ;

En ye take yer thumb en finger in an ecstasy so  
drunk

Thet ye hardly hear the music of theyr dreamy  
plunky-plunk !

En the griefs air gone ferever, en the sorrers lose  
control

Ez ye feed the angel in ye on the honeys of a soul,  
En ye smack yer lips with laughter while the birds  
of heaven pipe,—

When the roas’in’-ears is plenty en the worter-mil-  
lons ripe !

O, the darlin’ days of summer when the stars of  
plenty shine

With the apples in the orchard en the grapes upon  
the vine ;

When the hedges bud en blossom, en the medders  
rich en rare

Breathe the perfume of the clovers like an incense  
everywhayre !

En the world seems like yer mother, with the tender  
hands thet bless

All the restless race of struggle with a heaped-up  
happiness,

En her han’kerchiefs of gladness from yer eyes the  
weepin’s wipe,

When the roas’in’-ears is plenty en the worter-mil-  
lons ripe !

“PUT 'ER THAYRE FER NINETY DAYS !”

WULL, ole Jim ! of all the strays !  
Put 'er thayre fer ninety days !  
Glad to see ye ! Whayre ye been  
Sence ye last come rollin' in ?  
How 's yer fokes ? en leetle Jim,—  
Whut about the gals en him ?  
Tell me all in quickes' phrase,—  
Put 'er thayre fer ninety days !

Put 'er thayre fer ninety days !  
How it warms my heart to raise  
To yer face my happy eyes  
En to hear yer kind replies !  
It 's put near a life-time sence  
You en me saw them events  
Thet return through cloud en haze,—  
Put 'er thayre fer ninety days !

Put 'er thayre fer ninety days,  
While upon yer face I gaze !  
Not changed much sence we wuz boys  
Thinkin' mischief most of joys ;  
Older some en sobered some  
By the jolty roads ye 've come,

But yer tender naytcher stays,—  
Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !

Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !  
Yes, life is a tangled maze,  
Full of sorrers en of songs,  
Cryin’s, laffin’s, rights, en wrongs ;  
But from fountains of distress  
Bubble streams of happiness,  
En the stars in darkness blaze,—  
Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !

Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !  
Whut ye sayin’ ? Joy betrays,—  
Fam’bly dead ? En leetle Jim ?  
Gals en mother dead with him !  
O, my own heart, pardner, knows  
Somepin of the deepes’ woes !  
Yit fer all its grief, life pays,—  
Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !

Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !  
Let yer hand be one thet stays ;  
Pitch yer tent en camp with me  
All the years thet yit shall be !  
Love shall heal yer heart, en bring  
Music fer us both to sing,  
En our tears ’ll roll in praise,—  
Put ’er thayre fer ninety days !

Put 'er thayre fer ninety days !  
 Wisdom wreathes us with her bays,  
 En around our lives entwine  
 Lessons thet air shore devine !  
 En we 'll live,—yes, live,—en love  
 Tell the Father up above  
 Grabs our hands in his, en says,  
 “ Put 'er thayre fer ninety days ! ”

### AT FWEDDIE'S.

I LIKE Fweddie mighty well !  
 Fweddie 's got a dog what plays  
 Hide en seek, en he can tell  
     Whare you go to, funniest ways !  
 He ist puts his paws up thare  
     'Crossed his eyes en shets 'em tight,  
 Tell he comes en hunts you whare  
     You are hided out of sight !

He can play ball, too, en fetch  
     What you say fer him to bring,—  
 Jump into the pond, en ketch  
     Sticks en hats en ever'thing !  
 Gits 'em in his mouth en takes  
     Races 'round a time er two,  
 En he barks, en shakes en shakes  
     Dirty worter over you !

Fweddie's pony 's Tiddle-wink ;  
    Littlust one you ever see !  
Cuter 'n Curly, too, I think,—  
    Only 'bout as high as me !  
Me en him got on en rode,—  
    Bofe togever ist like one,—  
Didunt make much of a load,  
    En wuz ist the mostest fun !

Fweddie hit 'im wiv a stick,  
    Right thare by the worter-trough,  
En the pony tried to kick  
    Up his heels en throw us off !  
Then he run en run, tell we  
    Got purshed off by that big limb,—  
Fweddie said 'at some time he  
    'D ride the meanness out of him !

I like Fweddie,—yes, I do,  
    Mighty well, en Fweddie he  
En his dog en pony, too,  
    Thinks a orful sight of me ;  
En when all of us git out  
    Havin' fun en bein' glad,  
We ist know a heap about  
    Goodest times boys ever had !

## L'ENVOI.

I HAVE sung you a song  
Whether worthy or not,  
Whether righteous or wrong ;  
I have sung you a song  
Whether little or long ;  
Though it soon be forgot,  
I have sung you a song  
Whether worthy or not !













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